

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Arthur E. Seagrave, Manager—PUBLISHED BY THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY—Wilson Palmer, Editor

VOL. 4. NO. 10.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., DECEMBER 7, 1901.

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WOOD OR STONE.

Town Meeting May Be Called to Designate Material for Adornments on Lexington School Building—Committee Will Make No Move.

Lexington people have the chance, if they desire it, to decide for all time whether the new high school building shall be adorned with a metallic cornice and balustrade, and with stone columns in front and on the ends, or whether the plans of the committee for wooden columns, etc., will be allowed to stand. At the town meeting some weeks ago there was some opposition to the committee's report because the wooden work was not believed by many to be in harmony with the other features of the building, and a wish was expressed to change from wood to metal and stone. The committee was sustained in its report, but feeling as though the people should have an opportunity to have what they desired, inserted a clause in the contract with the builders whereby at a cost not exceeding \$17,000 this change could be made. At any time before the work has progressed too far the town at a special town meeting may vote to make the change, and it rests entirely with those who favor the plan to take the initiative. While there are a number of citizens who have placed themselves on record as approving the change, there is reasonable ground for doubt that the plan could be carried to a successful issue. The large extra expense will be the reason, if anything, for the blocking of any such plan, for all admit the granite columns and metallic trimmings would be expensive. The town felt as though it could stand the cost. Among some of the reasons which have been given by the advocates of the plan are: The desire to have the building in every respect compare favorably with similar buildings in other towns, the local pride in having the principal public building in the historic old town with its thousands of annual visitors, not only an up-to-date institution of learning, but also a handsome structure which will excite admiration from all. Nevertheless the building committee has received its instructions and is ready to receive others should they come through the regular channels, but the committee will not make any initial move in this direction, and it remains to be seen if those who are interested in the plan desire to make any exertions in order to secure it. The cost is estimated from \$16,000 to \$17,000. In the meantime the work on the building is progressing slowly, but probably as fast as can be pushed considering the weather and the approach of winter. The foundations are being looked after and as soon as the spring opens the work will begin with a vim.

FRANK MARDEN.

Frank Marden, of 11 Wyman street, Arlington, died very suddenly in Amesbury, Thursday, Dec. 6, his custom while night there as was his custom while traveling, and in the morning arose as usual and ate breakfast. Soon after he was taken violently ill and died within the half an hour from heart disease. The cause of his death was not ascertained. He was a native of New York, and had lived in Arlington since after it happened and created no little surprise.

Mr. Marden was a dealer in meats, and since selling his store in Boston some years ago has been on the road taking orders. He left his home in Arlington early in the week as usual and nothing had been learned of his being in anything but good health since that time until he was taken sick Thursday. The deceased was born in Windham, N. H., 56 years ago and during the Civil war was a private in Co. F, 46 Regt. Massachusetts Volunteers. He was at one time commander of the local G. A. R., of Arlington, and was an enthusiastic member. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows' fraternity and connected with a lodge at Northampton. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Carrie Marden, and a daughter, Mrs. Carrie Marden, all of Arlington. James Marden, of Arlington, is a brother. The funeral services will be Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at G. A. R. hall, with the members of the post in charge.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Charlestown won two out of three games from the Arlington Boat club in the Mystic Valley league on the latter's alleys, Thursday evening. Brooks was high man for Arlington, with 533 total. The summary: Charlestown—Butters, 508; Winchester, 549; Marston, 601; Conit, 480; Thomas, 533; total, 2672. Arlington Boat club—H. C. Durgin, 454; Puffer, 410; Brooks, 533; Rankin, 508; W. S. Durgin, 482; total, 2287.

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SELECTMEN TO DECIDE.

Belmont Refers Contagious Disease Hospital to Them—Move to Force Cambridge to Widen Concord Avenue Defeated.

An important, interesting and well attended town meeting was held in Belmont town hall, Tuesday evening, commencing at 7.30.

On article one, "To choose a moderator for said meeting," Frank Chandler was unanimously elected.

Whitcomb street was accepted as laid out by the selectmen on article second.

Payson road was accepted as laid out by the selectmen on article three.

Article four called for the acceptance of Exeter street, Oxford street, Marlborough street, Park road, Falmouth street, Unity avenue, Berwick street, Dartmouth street, Fairview avenue and Emerson street, as laid out by the selectmen. All the streets herein mentioned were accepted by the meeting.

Article five, asking if the town would take any action in relation to the request of the city of Cambridge, that the selectmen consent to the erection of a hospital for the treatment of contagious diseases near the boundary line between Belmont and Cambridge, was referred to the selectmen to act for the best interests of the town. Quite a considerable talk was made on this article.

An amendment was offered to the effect that no action should be taken until Cambridge made a decisive move relative to widening Concord avenue. All seemed to be anxious for the avenue to be widened in order that the electric cars may come into Belmont, but it was thought best not to tie the hands of the selectmen. It was the prevailing sentiment that the town should secure from Cambridge the right to have any Belmont people afflicted with a contagious disease cared for at the hospital, and Cambridge is willing to allow this.

Article six brought up the clay pit question. "To see if the town will authorize the selectmen to take any action that may be in their power to prevent any lands in Belmont, other than those now so occupied, being opened or used for clay pits or brick yards, and to petition the general court to confer upon the town any such additional powers as may be necessary in order to prevent or restrict such use of any lands within the town, or in any way act thereon." The matter was referred to the selectmen and a committee of four to be appointed by them, with instructions to investigate the matter and act for the best interests of the town with an appeal to the legislature if necessary. \$250 was appropriated as expenses in the matter.

On article seven, \$1000 was appropriated as an additional sum of money for the extension of the electric light plant.

Article eight, calling for an appropriation for the suppression of the kypsy moth, was lost.

On article nine, \$500 was appropriated for culverts.

Article ten, asking if the town could authorize the renewal of the contract with the Somerville Electric Light Co., was referred to the selectmen and Messrs. Underwood and Wellington, appointed by the chair.

Article eleven, for the provision of a building for the use of the electric light department, was lost.

Article twelve, asking if the town would appropriate land owned by the town on White street extension be used, was voted down.

Belmont and Waverley.

BELMONT.

As usual Varnum Frost had his little joke at town meeting, Tuesday evening. This time it was in regard to the gyms, moths, and the selectmen about the men coming to the unfestive town of Belmont and that after looking about the woods a few days, decided it would be a good place to open their tin boxes and loose a few moths. Whether or not Mr. Frost's remarks influenced the decision, suffice it to say there was no appropriation made for suppressing the insects.

On account of the storm the division train was delayed about 40 minutes, a near East Cambridge, and did not arrive in Belmont till 7.08.

After a recent victory of his team at bowling on the Belmont club alleys, Wesley G. Hall extended an invitation to the opposing team to visit the Waverley alleys. With bowling suits and paraphernalia the team appeared on the alleys a few night ago, only to find a set of juvenile "pin" balls which were floored with one stroke by Meisel of the visiting team.

The regular meeting of the Belmont High School Literary and Debating society, Wednesday evening, was held at the play "Fast Friends" was presented by Misses May Bateman and Sarah Dias.

The Belmont Orchestra club have organized for the season of 1901-2 under the leadership of Mr. Bennett of Weston. Chas. Gilman, the former leader, having been obliged to resign on account of ill health. A series of three concerts will be given during the winter.

The Ladies' Missionary society held their regular monthly meeting Tuesday with Mrs. W. R. Lamkin, of Whitcomb street.

A special memorial service was held by the Waverley Unitarian Sunday school in memory of Royal Cheney Chandler.

Mrs. D. A. Russell, of Grafton, has been spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Orville Ripley, of White street.

Miss Emma Houlahan was taken to Waltham hospital this week, suffering with an attack of diphtheria.

Rev. Geo. F. Gilman will give an illustrated lecture on "A Trough Through the Alps," in the Congregational church, Wednesday evening. The proceeds will be devoted to the Sabbath school library fund. Mr. Gilman is a stranger here as a lecturer and this lecture is a very beautiful and interesting one.

The Ladies' Aid society met with Mrs. Carpenter, Wednesday afternoon.

G. B. Holt, who was injured while practising for football on the Brown university team, is well improved, but still troubled with a "football knee."

Mrs. Anne Beugnot, recently of Waverley, commenced an interesting and valuable course of lectures in French, Wednesday afternoon, at the Pierce building, Copley square. She is described

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

Rev. James Yeames Begins Fifth Year as Rector of St. John's Church in Arlington—Sunday Service Brings Out Large Congregation.

Rev. James Yeames began the fifth year of his pastorate in Arlington, on Sunday last, Advent Sunday. He is the first of the incumbents of the parish during the 25 years of its existence, to have filled so long a term. Mr. Yeames came to St. John's with the purpose of earnestly and patiently working with its faithful people for the upbuilding of the parish, and a gratifying measure of progress is now manifest. It must have been a great gratification to the rector to see the church on Sunday morning, notwithstanding that sickness and other causes compelled the absence of some whose hearts were with those who enjoyed the anniversary service.

The service consisted of the holy communion and sermon. The musical por-



REV. JAMES YEAMES.

tion of the service was of a simple and congregational character and was led by the vested choir with spirit and impressiveness.

Mr. Yeames prefaced his sermon by a few words, referring to the happy coincidence of the rector's anniversary and the beginning of the Christmas year. His brief enumeration of public duties performed, which he made, as he said, not to glorify himself, but to demonstrate that the Episcopal church has a needed and important ministry in this town and community, abundantly refuted the notion of some persons that a clergyman's life is one of elegant leisure.

The figures for the past four years are so interesting that they are reproduced: Sermons in St. John's, 286; sermons elsewhere, 101; total, 387. Other church services, 166; children's services, 35; children's meetings, 77; total, 112. Lectures and addresses, 95; business, social and other meetings, 175; total public engagements, 635. Baptisms, 31; confirmation, 37; marriages, 18; funerals, 26.

The sermon was upon the text, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," Isaiah 40:3. It was an Advent appeal to those who heard it, to arise and obey the herald of the coming King. As the husbandman in Egypt watched the rising of the Nile and the ready channels in his field and garden, so that when the river overflowed its bank his lands might be enriched by the vitalizing stream, so should we open our hearts and lives to the incoming of the King. First, a welcome for God in our own hearts. Palms, honors, homage, hosannas, external and formal service, are worse than valueless if the door of the heart be closed. Shall there be a place for Jesus, the Christ, everywhere, anywhere, but in my heart? Nay, our cry should be, Heart of my heart, Life of my life, abide in me! Let penitence withdraw the bolts and decision open the door, while faith admits the King and love maintains the happy fellowship!

Soul of my soul, O Christ abide! My soul, my eyes, speak through Thy throne; Control these hands, each step decide; Thy will my choice, Thy praise my song!

O Spring of Life, within me move! O Vital Glow of Heavenly Fire! The living law of holy love, Propelling force and pure desire.

Nailed to Thy cross, let self be slain; I die, but Christ within me lives; My life be love, all life is vain. Save that which Thy best presence gives.

Second, a way for the Son of God into the world. This is the work and witness of the church, and therefore of every Christian. For the Master has not only commanded the porter to watch, but has given to every man his work.

The Dorcas society of the Arlington Line Bible school will hold a fair and social at the Mission hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Tannery street, on the evenings of Dec. 9 and 10. All are invited to come and help swell the chapel fund.

DEMANDS PAPERS.

Swan's Counsel Threatens to Sue for Their Return.

Arlington Selectmen Enter Suit Against Ex-Treasurer Locke and Bondsmen—Vigorous Contest Is Expected and Trial May Come Next Month.

Arlington's attorney, William H. H. Tuttle, has been notified by Lawyer Henry T. Richardson, of Boston, the counsel for Roland A. Swan, that unless certain papers and receipts which are alleged to be the personal property of Swan are returned to him, suit will be brought for them. The documents are claimed to have been among the other papers found in the sewer last spring when the evidence against Swan in the larceny case was procured.

Previous to the letter to Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Richardson informed Chief of Police Harriman that he should proceed to secure the documents, but Chief Harriman said there was nothing found except papers belonging to the town. Mr. Richardson disputed the statement and then came the letter to the town counsel. No action will be taken by the town authorities, and if the suit is really intended, they will allow it to come as soon as desired.

It is claimed there is no chance for a successful termination of any such suit and that all the papers found were town documents. One report which is not confirmed is to the effect that the papers reveal some connection of a non-Arlington man with the case, but this is not generally believed.

Suit was entered at East Cambridge Thursday afternoon against Roland A. Deimont Locke, formerly town treasurer of Arlington, and his bondsmen, Henry J. Locke and Edward T. Hornblower, both of Arlington. The property of the defendants was attached by Deputy Sheriff Wardwell, and service made upon them Thursday evening.

The suit is in the name of the town of Arlington, and the ad damnum is fixed at \$45,000. The writ was dated Dec. 1, 1901, and was made returnable upon the first Monday in January, 1902, and the suit is one of contract or tort.

The declaration is not inserted in the writ, but has been prepared, and will be given to the defendants in the legal way. The suit is brought under the bonds for the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901. The bonds for these four years were all executed by the same defendants, and the amount of each bond was \$20,000. The amount of the claims made under the different bonds varies considerably, the greatest amount claimed being under the bond for the year 1900. Probably there was no breach of the bonds prior to 1898, as the first money taken by Swan, as far as now known, was for the sewer tax on the estate of James H. Kelley, amounting to \$538, paid Sept. 22, 1898. Should any deficit be found in 1897, another action would have to be brought, as a third party was associated as surety with Messrs. Locke and Hornblower on the town treasurer's bond for 1897.

Several hundred dollars are claimed under all four bonds, as the exact date when the money was stolen is not definitely fixed.

While the ad damnum against each of the defendants is fixed at \$45,000, it is not likely that the total amount taken by Swan will much exceed the amount stated by the selectmen in their recent report, amounting to \$21,000. Specification of items, or bill of particulars, upon which the claims are based is practically prepared.

A determined defense is expected, at least from one of the defendants. When the town attached certain real estate in Boston, nominally belonging to Swan, Henry J. Locke's counsel would not consent that the suit against Swan should be prosecuted by the town without prejudice to the rights of any of the parties. This delayed matters for a time, but acting under the advice of eminent counsel, suit was finally entered. Then foreclosure papers were filed, the date showing that they had been executed some time before and held back. This, of course, terminated all hopes of recovering anything in that direction, as Swan's equity, if any ever existed, had entirely disappeared.

This case may be referred to an auditor to determine the amount stolen from the town, which would save the large expense of a jury trial, when it would become necessary to summon as witnesses all the taxpayers who paid money to Swan, acting for the collector.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

Clarence A. Moore and Miss Alice E. Johnson Married in Arlington.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Johnson, at 21 Walnut street, was the scene of a brilliant wedding Wednesday evening. The contracting parties were Miss Alice Emory Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Johnson, and Clarence Alfred Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Moore, 133 Broadway. The bride was gowned in white silk crepe over white silk tulle, wearing a tulle veil caught up by a spray of white and green flowers and carrying a bouquet of bride roses. She wore an elaborate set of diamonds and pearls, a gift from the groom. The bride and groom entered the parlor to the music of Lohengrin's wedding march, rendered by Mrs. Lester Miller of Medford, preceded by two flower girls, Doris Johnson, niece of the bride, and Florence Moore, sister of the groom, each carrying a basket of choice flowers. The maid of honor, Mrs. Helen Woodworth, wore pink liberty over pink tulle, carrying pink roses. The best man was Lester Redman, of Lexington. The ushers were Clarence Johnson, brother of the bride, Arthur Thayer, of Harvard university, Louis Moore, brother of the groom, and Arthur Redman, of Lexington.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, officiated at the marriage altar in a happy and impressive manner. The parlor was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, evergreens and chrysanthemums. The happy pair, during the ceremony, stood under a wealth of bud and blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were assisted in the reception by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Johnson, parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Moore, parents of the groom, and Mrs. Sarah Johnson, of Charlestown. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Johnson was gowned in black silk with white trimmings. Mrs. Sarah Johnson wore black silk with silk trimmings. Mrs. Moore was gowned in black silk. The bride was generously remembered by her many friends in a substantial way. The numerous gifts consisted of silver, cut glass, pictures, handsome lace work and bric-a-brac. The bounteous and tastefully laid spread was furnished by Caterer Hardy. Mrs. Moore made one of the most attractive addresses of form and feature and graceful in every way. There were guests present from Boston, Winchester, Jamaica Plain, Medford, Lynn, Malden, Lexington, Concord and Arlington.

The bride and groom left on their wedding trip in a shower of confetti. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are to have their home at 21 Walnut street.

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STAR-GAZING.

Star-gazing is an epithet denoting impracticality, to those whose minds are wont to skim the surface of things. The "practical man of affairs," boasting himself of his practicality, is often really shallow minded on matters extraneous to his particular specialty. The "star-gazer" and the "dreamer" are all one to his thinking, drones in the busy world of life.

But where would the "practical" man be were it not for the profession of star-gazing? The escapement of your "practical" work-a-day world clicks at the bidding of your very star-gazer. The striker, in due season, sets off the gong for the morning start, the noonday, and the evening stop. Between whiles, the railways, cords of the continent, as the streams are its arteries, despatch their messengers at definite intervals, and the world's affairs run steadily and smoothly on. The "un-practical" star-gazer sits within his little white-domed house, peering into the small end of a glass-stoppered pipe, and pulling the strings and wires which regulate the escapement of the world's clock.

In truth, where should we be without the intensely practical applications of that most beautiful science of astronomy? The old world would be at worse than sixes and sevens. Some of the most practical minds of the age are occupied in the solution of its intricate problems.

But he who holds merely to the cold, hard, matter of fact misses much of the best of life. Sordidness often accompanies materialism. There is no better cure for littleness and narrowness of mind than a dip into the wonders of the heavens. Much recreation may be had thereby, and a wholesome sense of the insignificance, in the whole scheme of things viewed in the large, of the human individual. In the infinite regions of trackless space, wandered through by unthinkable numbers of brilliant suns, of cold corpses, once bright stars, of glowing nebulae, and of unseen clouds of star dust, man on the tiny atom we call earth, filled with the breath of life for but a fleeting moment, may well say with the ancient psalmist, "what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him? or the son of man, that thou makest account of him? Man is like to a breath: His days are as a shadow that passeth away."

Senator Lodge's announcement that he shall introduce a bill to extend the Chinese exclusion act shows the change of public sentiment on that question in the last ten years. There was a strong feeling when the original law was passed that it was a concession to the sand-lot orators of San Francisco and to the hoodlum element all over the country, easily capturing, always, the political demagogues of both parties. But there has been a great change since then. The supporters of a continuance of the exclusion policy include many of our best public men, and the movement is not, as formerly, the fulfillment of professional agitators. The arguments for and against exclusion of the Chinese are seen to be much more evenly balanced than they appeared to be when the original law was passed.

Up in New Hampshire, some of the clergymen of other denominations objected to joining in a union Thanksgiving day service with a Unitarian minister as the preacher. The ordinary service on that day isn't religious enough to make a Unitarian sermon specially unfit.

When the postoffice department becomes self supporting it will be possible to lower the cost of sending letters. It will be well to begin with "drop" letters. It ought not to cost as much to send a letter to a neighbor in the same town as to send it across the continent.

Doctors ought to be cheerful, if plenty of aids to business can make them so. With the football game aiding in the development of pneumonia and Thanksgiving day ruining people's stomachs and the smallpox scare driving patients to vaccination, business ought to be good.

If abstinence from drink, moderation and selection in eating and well regulated exercise give men strong, sound bodies for football, why do not all men follow the example of the football teams?

There's a deal of talk about what President Roosevelt is "opposed to." But he is not merely a negative man. He is "in favor of" a good many things—and they are very good things, too.

The Somerville Citizen, after a precarious existence of several years, has consolidated with the Somerville Journal, which now has the field all to itself. Lucky Journal!

St. Louis is making the effort of its life. Its exhibition in 1903 seems likely to be the biggest and best the world has ever seen, if brains and money will make it so.

Don't drive a bang-tailed horse. President Roosevelt doesn't. Let Americans follow the American fashion. Snobs will copy the English.

GREATER BOSTON ALSO.

The anti-vaccinationists are welcome to talk and print all of their theoretical stuff that they desire. As for the practical side of it, never a better demonstration of the value of inoculation for stamping out diseases than right here in Boston. The smallpox cases are so few now that the board of health considers the city practically free from it. [Boston Record.]

MARRIED.

CALLAHAN-KEARNEY—J. J. Callahan, of Arlington, and Miss Mary E. Kearney, of Boston, were married at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. H. Kearney, at 100 State St., Boston, on Wednesday, Nov. 20, by Rev. James E. McKenney, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Boston. The bride was attended by Misses M. E. McKenney, of Boston, and George Livermore Fiske, of Concord, N. H. The groom was attended by Mr. J. H. Kearney, of Boston, and George Livermore Fiske, of Concord, N. H. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock in the morning. The bride wore a gown of white tulle, and the groom wore a suit of gray. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. H. Kearney, at 100 State St., Boston. The wedding breakfast was served at 1 o'clock. The bride and groom left for their honeymoon at 2 o'clock. They will be at home at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. H. Kearney, at 100 State St., Boston, on Friday, Nov. 22, from 2 to 4 o'clock.

C. H. GANNETT, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR. Room 112, Exchange Building, 33 State St., Boston. Telephone 346-3. Residence, Academy St., Arlington.

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NEW BOOKS.

Barr, Amelia E. Lion's whelp. Story of Cromwell's time. 1700-27. Benefactor. By author of Elizabeth and her German garden. 123-4. Bennett, E. C. Musket and sword; or the camp, march and firing line in the Army of the Potomac. 923-37. Brooks, N. First across the continent. Story of the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1803-4-5. 963-33. Cable, Geo. W. Cavalier. 2412-9. Catherwood, Mary H. Lazarus. 2545-10. Dawes, Mrs. S. E. "Colonial Massachusetts. Stories of the old Bay state. 945-34. Drasser, H. W. Christ ideal. Study of the spiritual teachings of Jesus. 232-27. Emerson, Evelyn. Sylvia. 393-41. Fiske, J. Life everlasting. 218-10. Flindrau, Chas. M. Diary of a freshman. 5923-2. Greenough, J. B. and Kittredge, G. L. Words and their ways in English. 430-4. Griffiths, W. E. In the Mikado's service. Story of two battle summers in China. 312-2. Hall, C. W. and others eds. Regulations and armories of Massachusetts. 2 v. 945-35. Henley, W. E. Poems. 462-41. Hoppin, J. M. Great epochs in art history. 796-11. Howells, W. D. Mouse-trap and other farces. 5180-33. Kipling, Rudyard. Kim. 5722-12. Mitchell, S. Weir. Circumstance. 634-3. Olin, W. M. comp. Massachusetts soldiers and sailors of the Revolutionary war. v. 8. R. L. Smith, Mary P. W. (P. Thorne). R. L. Smith. Sequel to Jolly good times today. 8505-13. Steel, Flora A. Miss Stuart's legacy. 5893-6. R. D. Rowans. 5893-6. Strabo. Geography. 3 v. 4-85. Stratemyer, Edward. "Young volunteer in Cuba. (Old Glory series). 839-2. Thomas, J. Universal pronouncing dictionary of biography and mythology. revised edition. 2 v. 1901. R. L. (Earlier edition transferred to Arlington Heights reading room.)

Thompson, E. Seton. Lives of the Hunted. 586-6. Tiffany, F. Charles Francis Barnard. Sketch of his life and work. 17021-30. Van Dyke, Henry J. Jr. Ruling passion. Tales of nature and human nature. 3614-2. Weston, Mass. First Parish. Account of the celebration of its 200th anniversary. June, 1888. 560-35. Wyckoff, W. A. Day with a tramp and other days. 331-21. Bound Periodicals. American kitchen magazine, v. 14, 1900-1. A. K. M. Arena, v. 25, 1901. A. A. Art amateur, v. 43, 44 in one, 1900-01. A. A. Atlantic monthly, v. 87, 1901. A. M. Birds and nature, v. 3, 1901. B. Bostonian, v. 1901. B. C. S. Century, v. 61, 1900-01. C. Chautauquan, v. 32, 1900-01. Chu. Chautauquan world, v. 15, part 1. 1900-01. R. L. Cosmopolitan, v. 30, 1900-01. Cn. Critic, v. 38, 1901. Cc. Current history, v. 10, 1900-01. C. H. Educational review, v. 7, 1901. E. R. Good housekeeping, v. 32, 1901. G. H. Great round world, v. 5, parts 1, 2, 1900-01. G. W. Harper's bazar, v. 34, parts 1, 2, 1901. H. B. Harper's monthly, v. 102, 1900-01. H. M. Harper's weekly, v. 45, part 1, 1901. R. L. Illustrated London news, v. 28, 1901. R. L. Journal of education, v. 53, 1901. J. E. Life, v. 37, 1901. J. M. Lippincott's magazine, v. 67, 1901. L. M. Living age, v. 228, 1901. L. A. McClure's magazine, v. 16, 1900-01. M. C. M. Munsey's magazine, v. 24, 1900-01. M. M. Nation, v. 72, 1901. N. R. L. New England homestead, v. 42, 1901. N. E. New England magazine, v. 23, 1900-01. N. W. New world, v. 9, 1900. N. W. Nineteenth century and after, v. 49, 1901. N. C. North American review, v. 172, 1901. N. A. R. Outlook, v. 67, 1901. O. K. Photo era, v. 5, 6 in one, 1900-01. P. E. Popular science monthly, v. 38, 1900-01. P. S. M. *St. Nicholas, v. 28, part 1, 1900-01. S. N. Scientific American, v. 84, 1901. S. R. Scribner's magazine, v. 29, 1901. S. M. Spectator, v. 80, 1901. S. R. L. Studio, v. 21, 22 in one, 1900-01. S. T. Temple bar, v. 122, 1901. T. B. World's work, v. 1, 1900-01. W. W. *Young America, v. 75, part 1, 1901. R. L. November 30, 1901.

DOWN ON THE FARM. (Without apologies to those who think they can make James Whitcomb Riley look like thirty cents.) When the dewlap's on the pumpkin in the dog-days' biting breeze; When you see the blithesome bull-dog perched a-top the awning trees; When the turnip burrs are bursting with their brown and mellow load; When the berries from the scythe-scratch drift in wind-rows by the road; When no longer in the darkness 'neath the turf's umbrageous shade On the hill the scarlet rabbit calls his mate o'er hill and glade; When the bulfinch and the cowbird wing their way from bough to bough; When the brilliant-plumed woodchuck gambols gaily with the cow; When you dig the fragrant buckwheat from the rich and sterile mould; When the onions drop like hailstones loosened by the summer's cold; When the merry rutabagas troll their mournful roundelay; To the purple-breasted mushrooms, all the long, warm winter's day; When with rhythmic swing the farmer and his helpers move the hay; While his happy, prattling children skate adown the frozen bay; When you see the house-cat diving to her home beneath the bog; When the time is on the red-top and the rhymer's on the hog; Then you know another "poet" runs amuck 'mid names he's seen—Thinks he'll make James Whitcomb Riley and the rest with en green And of course he really doesn't know a cart-tongue from a gate, But the city-bred who read it "wall" their eyes and think it great.

DESIRES SOCIABILITY. Editor Enterprise: There are charming people on the Heights, who would enjoy each other's company were there some way of bringing them together. The church is doing much to create a social centre, and it is hoped that the people will respond. But beyond this, in less formal ways, kindred souls should touch one another. Some people have this in mind and are doubtless well on the way of realizing it before long. One of Them.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Middlesex, ss. Whereas, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County at Lowell, on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1901, on the petition of the inhabitants of Lexington, in said County, praying that Massachusetts Avenue, from the dividing line between said Town of Lexington and the Town of Arlington, in said County, to the junction of Pleasant Street with said Massachusetts Avenue, be widened and relocated, it was adjudged that said widening and relocation were of common convenience and necessity, Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's room in said Lexington, on the third day of January next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. November 28, 1901. A true copy. Walter C. Wardwell, Deputy Sheriff.

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E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Pelce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank building, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blaisdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge.

Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Medford street, Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 8 p.m.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

St. Malachi Court.

Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman.

Engineers fire department, Saturday before first Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park Avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts Avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.)

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor.

Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m. Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminister and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Morning service, 10.45 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior league, 3.30 p.m.; evening service, 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 7.30. Services in Methodist Union hall, Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

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WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, December 7, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg., Arlington.
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H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room, Heights.
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NO INDIVIDUALITY.

Vertical hand-writing should be condemned if for no other reason than that there is no individuality in it. It is worth a good deal to see the man in the mere penmanship. And how delightful it is for the young man to recognize at first sight that the letter is from his sweetheart. Give us, say we, the slant method in penmanship, for it never fails to reveal the peculiar characteristics of the writer. This vertical penmanship is simply the machine way of doing things. How much, say you, would John Hancock's autograph bring at auction, if he had written his name in vertical letters? And how would Horace Greeley have appeared to his thousands of readers had he written his name in straight up and down script? We vote with both hands up for the slant.

WHY ISN'T BRYAN RIGHT?

The above question can be safely asked without any necessary reference to party politics. Why isn't Mr. Bryan right in what he has to say in the Commoner of Nov. 29, concerning the government of the Philippines? Why shouldn't the Philippines be treated by our government as it has treated the Cubans? Why should the people of the Philippine Islands be taxed without representation? Why should the Philippines submit to that against which the American people justly rebelled and which rebellion brought on the war of the Revolution? Mr. Bryan well says that "Independence is the desire and the right of the Philippines. If we denied them independence and gave them full citizenship in our government, it might possibly be satisfactory to them, although it would be dangerous to us, but the Republicans do not promise them citizenship in this government as a substitute for an independent government of their own. The Philippines are not enjoying the guarantees of our constitution; they are enduring a carpet-bag government, such as the American people would not submit to. We are not giving the Philippines American liberty, American institutions or an American constitution. We are giving them an arbitrary and despotic government; for a government imposed by force, and administered according to foreign ideas, is always despotic, no matter how benevolent may be the purpose of those who administer it." In whatever way Mr. Bryan's views may be regarded on the money question, he is surely everlasting right according to every definition of democracy and of justice. In regard to the government of the Philippines, Mr. Bryan must be adjudged by every fair-minded and intelligent American as every inch an honest man whose sympathies are with the people; and on this Philippine question he is a thousand times right.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

No intelligent man or woman will doubt that President Roosevelt wrote his own message, for from beginning to end it is entirely like Theodore Roosevelt. The message in its style and way of putting things is strikingly unlike most state papers. President Roosevelt always has something to say, and never does he fail to say it in his own way. In the introductory paragraphs of his message he pays a fitting and affectionate tribute to the memory of President McKinley, and then he proceeds to give a severe yet just definition of anarchy, and urges upon congress the necessity of stamping it out through immediate legislation. What the message has to say upon the subject of trusts will most favorably appeal to the industrial classes of the American people. That all corporations having interstate interests should be amenable to the general government, must impress the public mind as both reasonable and just. President Roosevelt is of the decided opinion that publicity clear as the light of day will do much to modify and lessen the evils now attaching to trusts, and to this end he earnestly suggests action on the part of our national legislators. No one will be disappointed in what the president has to say of the government of the Philippine Islands. It has long been known that he believes in coercive measures in fitting, as he terms it, the Philippines for self-government, while Mr. Bryan and his followers would fit the inhabitants of those islands for that self-same government which President Roosevelt has in view, yet by a far different method. The objector to Mr. Roosevelt's plan insists that the better way to make a man of the Filipino is to first treat him as a man possessing certain inalienable rights. The objector claims that under all conditions taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and the entire American people thoroughly believed this same coupling of representation and taxation in ante-Revolutionary times. President Roosevelt is eminently right in what he so well and so logically says of our immigration laws. He believes there should be some fitness shown on the part of the immigrant who intends to make this country his home—and so it is that he recommends more stringent immigra-

tion laws. This first message of President Roosevelt will, as a whole, favorably impress the American people. Its positiveness and direct putting will unquestionably make for the president an enemy here and there, and this, too, in his own party, and it will also create him here and there a friend outside of his own party. Whatever else may be said of the message, no one will deny that President Roosevelt has the courage of his convictions, and that he does not hesitate to state himself in his own way to our American congress and through it to the entire American people.

A MANLY JOURNALISM.

A manly journalism can never fail to commend itself to an intelligent reading public. To state a truth in language that carries with it an earnest of the fact stated, and in a diction expressive of that culture which points the gentleman, is sure to gain the ear and meet the approbation of all well thinking men and women. That journalism should be strangled in its infancy which has merely for its purpose to eke out an existence by whatsoever means. The daily and weekly newspaper puts upon that individual who undertakes the work of journalism a responsibility that he cannot shirk. Those connected with a live newspaper must keep themselves in constant communication with every source affording information and instruction. To feed others upon a diet at once healthful and nourishing, one must first be fed himself upon all that is vital to a substantial growth. To say anything presupposes the fact that there is something to be said. That newspaper man who has no thought of his own to give the public will invariably descend to mud slinging and the meanest kind of billingsgate. The newspaper office never fails to give telling evidence of the man who swings the pen. The columns of the weekly newspaper size up in every instance the writer with a quill over his ear. As Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin, so will that newspaper office, foul with the stench of a dirty intellectual atmosphere, smell of the rant and backstreet talk of that man all unlettered. But what has reputable journalism to do with all this, it may be asked. In answer it must be said that it has much to do with it, for any and all journalism, with any claim to decency and an average culture, is to possess its soul with patience, and work on with a laudable zeal that it may do its part in educating up to a higher level than man who throws aside the tools of his manual labor in order that he may wield the pen. The Enterprise has invariably insisted that its columns shall represent a clean journalism, and it has insisted at the same time that in no wise will it dodge the truth. As we said in the issue of last week, "The Enterprise never descends to personalities," and yet it sticks all the while to the main question. For the right the Enterprise will fight to the last, with a drawn sword, not so much that it may literally slay the man who never opens his dictionary, as to inject into his brain a new life and a higher purpose, while it attempts to supplant the dirty work he may do, by substituting in its place an atmosphere that will necessarily beget a clean and wholesome life. The better way to kill your man is to make him all over anew. If you want the stream pure, you must first make pure the source of the stream. It is absolutely impossible that a clean pen shall reveal itself in the ugly, awkward hand of that man who never has had a clean, manly thought. And yet, it is the legitimate work of the newspaper that has the good of its profession, and that of the public, at heart, to do its best work in an honorable, effective way. That individual will unquestionably live on, whose early death is predicted by that man in whom the wish is father to the thought. That man on his last legs, or in a dying condition, sees nothing about him save death and graveyards. Most logically that individual reads the epitaph of his neighbor while he himself is drawing his last breath. And all this is as true of the newspaper as of the individual. The Enterprise not only maintains its own life at a normal temperature, but it begets life as well. To it, the world is all aglow with life, because it is itself intensely alive.

It is said on what seems good authority that congress will likely be in session until July, 1902. What an imposition upon the American people! But then, as a former president said on the re-assembling of the "wise heads" in Washington, "the people now have congress on their hands," so the American public must be tolerant.

Providence, Rhode Island, has one of the most costly and conveniently arranged library buildings in the country. We passed a delightful hour on Monday in its several departments. "What words can declare the immeasurable worth of books!"

That big brother who insists on hanging around while his pretty sister is trying to entertain her best fellow ought to be spanked and sent to bed without his supper.

President Roosevelt uttered a truism in his message when he said "no man will ever be restrained from becoming president by any fear as to his personal safety."

"Vaccination" is still the cry all along the line, and as a result the number of sore arms can hardly be counted.

While others burn midnight oil writing poetry, we are content to get the news and publish it when it is news.

The pretty telephone girl who well understands herself, never fails to put lots of meaning into her "hello."

The criticisms of the press on President Roosevelt's message are most favorable.

That man who recognizes how little he knows has already put himself in the way of the learner.

Grace, however well said, can never take the place of a good dinner.

The wisest looking man is frequently the biggest fool of the crowd.



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PROPERTY RIGHTS.

Rev. C. F. Carter of Lexington Believes Welfare of the Many More Important Than Luxury for the Few.

"Property Rights" was the theme of Rev. Charles F. Carter at the Hancock Congregational church, Thursday evening, in a very thoughtful and careful address, it being one of a series of talks on social questions. The address was not for the purpose of spreading any theories, but solely for the purpose of calling the attention to some of the inequalities in social conditions as affected by so-called property rights. The extent of the legitimate ownership of land by private individuals was touched upon, by asking his hearers if there should be a limit to such private ownership. If the answer was that there should be a limit, then the question would appear, where would the line be drawn? He also asked whether or not it is right for a man to possess himself of more land than he can develop for the good of mankind. The contention was made and ably defended that government in a democracy was for the benefit of all, and not for a special few, that the property rights of a small minority should not be allowed to interfere with the moral rights of the many. The speaker heartily endorsed that part of the message of President Roosevelt relative to strong federal laws which will restrict the trusts or at least prevent them from being a menace to the general public. As today people would rebel at an attempt to monopolize the air, and as they have rebelled more or less at attempts to control the supply of water and ice, so in time it is not unlikely the monopolization of land will also cease when the people are led to believe such control to be against the general welfare. The speaker believed the dignity of labor would become more and more recognized in the years to come, and as today people despise the poor man who, though able to earn a living, refuses to do so the time is coming when the idle upper classes who contribute nothing for the good of mankind will also be as much despised.

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Harry W. Bullard spent Sunday at his summer residence at the foot of Mt. Bald mountain in Whiteface, N. H. Mr. Bullard found the mountains covered with snow, and the sleighing passably good.

The committee chosen to investigate the financial affairs of the town has organized with Howard W. Spurr, chairman, and George G. Allen, secretary.

Mrs. Harvey S. Sears, of Academy street, has been visiting friends in New York city the present week.

The storm, a sort of miniature blizzard on Tuesday evening, interfered somewhat with the running of the electric cars. In not a few instances they made their way at a snail's pace. On Wednesday morning, however, the tracks were free from ice, so that the electric made their usual time.

Mrs. Frank P. Winn, Russell terrace, was five hours in reaching home from Andover by the electric, on Tuesday evening, by reason of the icy tracks.

Members of Francis Gould Post 36, G. A. R., were present Tuesday evening at the installation of Post 13, G. A. R., at Lexington. The inspecting officer was James A. Marden, Post 36 Department Commander Barton and staff were present.

The shovel brigade was out early on Wednesday morning. Miss Margaret Champney, who was last year the president of the high school class of 1901, is visiting friends in Arlington. Miss Champney's home is in South Byfield.

At the meeting of the Arlington Baptist church Christian Endeavor society, tomorrow evening at 8.30 o'clock, the subject discussed will be, "The Right Use of Ability." Matt. 5: 13-16. F. A. Johnson, leader.

The Rev. C. W. Heizer, of Wayland, visited the Arlington public schools, Thursday. Mr. Heizer was the guest of Supt. Sutcliffe, who was a parishioner of Mr. Heizer during his ministry in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Coleman, of the Crosby school, is still confined at her home in Portsmouth, N. H., by reason of illness, with little or no prospect of being able to return to her work here in Arlington. Miss Coleman is a young woman of rare worth and excellence, and a superior teacher. Supt. Sutcliffe will much regret to lose her from his corps of teachers.

The first electric from Winchester after the storm, Tuesday night, appeared Thursday evening.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

December 8, second Sunday in Advent, Sunday services at St. John's church, Academy street, will be as follows: Morning prayer and sermon, 10.30; Sunday school, 12.15; evening prayer and sermon, 7.30. The rector will preach morning and evening.

The ladies of St. John's parish hold their Christmas sale, Tuesday, from 2 till 10 p. m., in the parish house, Maple street. Admission free. A special feature of the sale will be the tea table. Chocolate and Vantine's tea will be on sale in dainty cups which can be chosen by the purchaser and carried away.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church, last Sunday, Rev. R. A. Greene, of the Grace Universalist church of Lowell, preached in exchange with the pastor, Rev. Harry Fay Elster. Mr. Greene has preached in Arlington previously, and is always welcomed by the friends that he has made.

Tomorrow, the pastor will preach. The Sunday school connected with this church is rehearsing a cantata to be given on Christmas Sunday as the Sunday school concert.

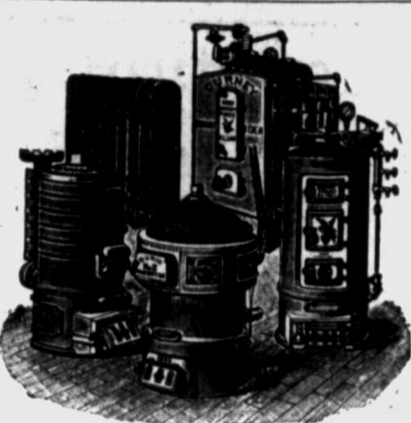
APPROPOS OF HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Ladies and gentlemen, too, for that matter, who are looking for suggestions in holiday gifts will find their task simplified by consulting Hall & Hancock of Boston. One of the advantages of this place at this season is the fact that its entire stock was manufactured for practical use, besides possessing all the attributes of most desirable holiday gifts. In another column mention is made of a few of the very many articles which go to make up a large stock.

A lady in conversation with another in front of Robinson's show window, one day this week, was overheard to make this remark: "After going to nearly every store in town, and fearing I would actually be obliged to go to Boston on purpose for it, I thought of Mrs. Dale's variety store as a last resort, and she had four different kinds." The writer didn't know what the lady was talking about, but will venture she will go to Mrs. Dale's as a first resort next time, and save herself a tour of the town as well as her possible trip to Boston.

As no doubt most of our readers are on the watch for suggestions for holiday gifts, we wish to call especial attention to the announcement in another column of Webster, Cook & Co., of Haymarket square, Boston. They are showing such a variety of useful and ornamental household articles that it is worth one's while to at least inspect their display.

Poisons are not good playthings for children nor are they safe in the hands of many older persons. Nevertheless they are handled every day by C. W. Grossmiller, of the Arlington drugist, and are handled with the utmost care. All prescriptions which contain powerful drugs will be filled in a reliable and scientific manner at this store.



The Gurney Heater

can always be relied upon.

All Kinds of Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus.

Before you go elsewhere ask for estimates. . . .

— BOSTON PRICES. —

Boilers Repaired.
Pipe and Fittings For Sale.

H. B. JOHNSON,
BROADWAY AND WINTER STREETS,
ARLINGTON.

CALL

and see our stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry before buying your Christmas presents.

We have a very fine stock of Colonial Calendars with views of Lexington, Concord and Arlington. Make a nice present. Price 35c each.

WETHERBEE BROS., Jewelers and Cycle Dealers,

480 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

DON'T MOVE

unless you move to Winchester, which is by statistics the second healthiest town in the state, and has without exception more natural advantages than any other suburb of Boston.

CEO. ADAMS WOODS,
Winchester Office, Blaikie Bldg.
Directly over the Post Office. 50 State St., Boston.
Tel. 1532 Main.

THE NEW STORE

Call and see how it is arranged and inspect

THE NEW STOCK.

Everyone declares the new apartments

THE MOST UP-TO-DATE

to be found outside of Boston and

OUR PRICES ARE BOSTON PRICES.

ALL GROCERIES ARE FRESH. No Inferior Grades. MEATS AND PROVISIONS ARE CHOICE. Carefully Selected.

W. K. HUTCHINSON,
ASSOCIATES BLOCK, ARLINGTON.
Branch Store, 45 Park Ave., Arlington Heights.



Cupid's Gifts,

If he had his choice, would be in showers of sweetness, so that all his victims could swim in pleasure like Danae in the golden shower.

A box of our choice confections and fine chocolates, bon bons, caramels, nut candies, and our home made candies for gift purposes, cannot be surpassed. Economy recognizes the fine quality for the price.

N. J. HARDY,
657 1/2 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

Johnson's Arlington Express.



J. H. EDWARDS, Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.

Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.

If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call. We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 13-5 Arlington. Two Trips Daily. Teams Due at 1.30 and 6.30 P. M.

A REPUTATION for FIRST CLASS SERVICE is the constant aim. . . .

Hack and . . . Livery Stable

First Class Board. Prices Right. . . .

GEO. A. LAW,
Mass. Ave., - Arlington.

MISS K. T. McGRATH,
Dressmaker.

456 Mass. Ave. Arlington.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old, established, wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 216 Caxton Building, Chicago.

CALL AT THE
Mystic Street Waiting-Room
FOR A

Quick Lunch.

Confectionery,
Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

A. O. SPRAGUE
ARLINGTON.

GEO. D. MOORE,
Licensed Auctioneer

for Middlesex County, and President Arlington Co-operative Bank.

OFFICE AT CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
624 MASS. AVE., ARLINGTON.
Residence, 188 Broadway.

Aprons
MADE TO ORDER.
Also Flannelette Night GOWNS.

D. F. COLLINS,
472 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

TO LET.
EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE FLAT of five rooms, bath and store room in new house. All improvements. 1255 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington Heights.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, December 7, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

"THE ONLY ONE."

The Enterprise desires to express its appreciation for the many compliments paid it by Lexington people during the past week because of the exclusive report of the decision of the county commissioners relative to the avenue widening project, as stated in last week's issue. Although a large number of newspapers were anxious to announce the decision, the Enterprise was "the only one" to do so. Not only did it give the fullest and most complete report of the hearing before the commissioners, but it told what this official board had decided to do. This fact was realized by those who approved of the decision and by those who did not, and both sides showered the Enterprise with compliments. The report of the hearing was universally declared to be strictly impartial, and a reflection of the incidents just as they transpired. But however much we appreciate that distinction of being "the only one" to announce the decision, we frankly state it was not such a feat after all, for the decision was made Tuesday, the day after the hearing, which gave ample time to secure the report for the benefit of those interested.

Only six fires in Lexington during the present year is a case of good luck, but it will not do to lessen the fire protection next year in consequence. The fire department has proven itself worthy of the name in the past and should be kept up to its present high standard. We hope, however, it will not be worked harder during the coming year.

Is it possible that its fool enemy was its best friend?

Suppose you have a loss by fire which renders your dwelling untenable.

Your building may be insured, but what happens to YOU while you are waiting to have it repaired? This applies to your own house as well as to one that you own and from which you receive rent.

In Either Case It Costs You the Rent. Did you know that for a very small cost you can insure the rental value of your real estate, no matter who occupies it?

Is it not a good business proposition? Do you know that every large owner of real estate avails himself of this form of protection? Many Lexington property owners are doing this. No matter who insures your buildings.

I insure them against loss of rent without reference to loss by fire of the building itself.

Come in and talk it over.

G. W. SAMPSON,
Office, Sherburne's Block,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

LEONARD A SAVILLE,
Office, Post Office Building, Lexington.
Farms, Houses and Land for Sale and leased.

Furnished Houses to Rent. Agent for Manchester Insurance Co., a first-class company at regular rates.

J. J. TOOMEY,
Fashionable Hairdresser.
Pompadeur and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Re-sharpened.
HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each state (one in this country) required to represent and advertise old, established, wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18 weekly with expenses additional. All payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

A. S. MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER.

Sales of Real Estate and Personal Property made anywhere in the state. Household Furniture bought or money advanced upon it. Parties wishing to dispose of any kind of property or have any property appraised in settling estates or otherwise can have me call and see them free of charge by sending me a postal card.

Boston Office, 113 Devonshire Str. Tel. 1509 Main.
Residence, Hunt Block, Lexington.

You can have your Bicycle Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Tires Plugged and Vulcanized;
Your Sewing Machine Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Lawn Mowers Cleaned and Sharpened;
Your Grass Shears, Household Scissors and Knives Sharpened;
Your Locks Repaired and Keys Fitted;
Where? Why! at

FISKE BROS.,
MASS. AVE., LEXINGTON, MASS.

LUMBER...

FOR ALL PURPOSES

Lexington Lumber Co.,
LEXINGTON.

Telephone 48.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Mrs. Angelina Packard, wife of the late John W. Blanchard, died at her home in Malden, November 28, at the age of 82 years. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard resided in Lexington many years and no doubt there are still living many who will recall them very pleasantly. Mr. Blanchard was a native of that town and carried on the business of a furrier. He was one of the first to dye and dress seal skins in this country.

The old house on Hancock street, once the property of Dr. Joseph Fiske, is being renovated by its new owner, George O. Whiting, whose own home adjoins it. Dr. Fiske was a well known surgeon of Revolutionary fame, being the one to dress the wounds of the first patriots who fell on Lexington common by British bullets. He was a surgeon for the army during the greater part of the war. The property was purchased of the J. Fredrick Simonds estate. Dr. Simonds owned the place for nearly 30 years and for a long time he was assessor of the town. He also held other positions of trust and was a much respected citizen.

Mrs. A. A. Sherman, Jr., of Uxbridge, with her two children, has been the guest of Captain and Mrs. A. A. Sherman, A. A. Sherman, Jr., of the parental domicile early in the week.

Miss Mary L. Wellington, daughter of Herbert L. Wellington, of Oakland street, who has been for some time in a Boston hospital, is still a very sick young lady. The several operations on her wrist have not been as successful as was hoped for, and her condition is regarded as critical. Despite the painfulness of the operations, the last one was borne without murmur and no anesthetics were administered.

The regular monthly thimble party at the Hancock Congregational church was held yesterday from 11 to 4 o'clock.

The least number of fire alarms have been rung in Lexington this year than for some time, and it may be the limit for the entire twelve months up to date. That, at least, is the number up to date, as compared with 27 alarms during 1900. This year the aggregate loss has been very light and in fact almost to the zero point. While the fire department has had no part in preventing fire alarms, it certainly has had a great deal to do with the bringing down the loss to a minimum.

Eight Worshipful Quincey Bicknell will install the officers of Simon W. Robinson lodge, F. and A. M., at the regular meeting, Monday night.

Chester Fogg and Arthur Brangan, who were before the district court at Concord a month ago, charged with larceny of a coat, were in court again Monday for sentence. As Chief of Police Franks made a favorable report in their behalf they were put on probation for three months at the end of which time they will again face the judge who may make some final disposition of the case then.

The holiday vacation this year for the schools extends from Dec. 21 to Dec. 30 inclusive. The spring vacation will begin March 2 and schools will reopen Tuesday, April 1, thus bringing the vacation days earlier than usual. Under the old arrangement the terms were unequalled, but by this plan there will be two terms of the same length which is pleasing to both teachers and pupils.

Frank Conisius was discharged at the Concord court, yesterday, from a charge of assault on Mrs. Paul, of Lexington Heights.

Harry Richards was put on probation for three months, for drunkenness.

Box 82 was rung in Wednesday, for a second blaze at the works of the Lexington Gas & Electric Co. The fire was in a tank containing refuse oil, and for a time made matters interesting. The fire took place about 10 o'clock, and at a later time the loss was settled through the insurance agency of George W. Sampson. Thursday afternoon, the tank again took fire, but this time the department was not called, although the blaze was a good one for a time.

Rev. C. A. Staples delivered the address for the Mendon Historical society, Tuesday, at Mendon, the event being the presentation of a monument to the town in commemoration of the beginning of King Philip's war. The Mendon monument was the real beginning of that noted conflict.

The trained nurse to be at the disposal of sick people of Lexington will be secured by the Fellowship of Charities within a week or ten days. She will receive a salary from that society, and those receiving her services are expected to make some contribution, such as they feel like donating. The society will have on hand a collection of supplies for the use of the people of the town in case of emergency. The nurse is to be at the call of any physician in the town, although she will not attend contagious cases.

M. F. Wilbur, grain dealer, has bought the house recently occupied by J. S. Bigelow. He is cutting away the ell in back, and making other improvements. Mrs. J. H. Cox has just recovered from weeks of serious illness. She will leave today for a visit with her son, at Hotel Bartlett, Haverhill.

A corporation meeting of the Baptist church was called for Friday night to vote upon calling Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Worcester, as the regular pastor.

Woman's Relief corps, No. 97, had a very harmonious election of officers at its first regular meeting in December. Those elected were: President, Mrs. May S. Smith; senior vice-president, Mrs. Nellie Sherman; junior vice-president, Mrs. Ellen Locke; treasurer, Mrs. Emily A. Bacon; chaplain, Mrs. Julia A. Maynard; conductor, Mrs. Christine MacDonald.

Donald; guard, Mrs. Eliza Sherman, delegate, Mrs. Mary Kauffmann; alternate, Mrs. Sarah Conley. The new officers will be appointed by the newly-elected president. A public installation will probably be held some time in January, as is the usual custom.

The Lexington Equal Suffrage league held its annual election of officers, Thursday evening, November 28. The newly-elected president, and Mrs. Geo. S. Jackson was chosen. Other officers are: Vice presidents, Mrs. H. M. Greeley and A. W. Stevens; recording secretary, Francis J. Garrison; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. M. Greeley; treasurer, Mrs. Albert S. Parsons; executive committee, the above officers, and Dr. Bertha C. Downing, George O. Whiting, H. W. Putnam. An address was given by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz on the early anti-slavery days in Plymouth, where she was born. The meeting was at the kindergarten schoolhouse on Forest street.

A free street-lecture was given in the Lexington town hall, last evening, on "Forest and Roadside Planting," by J. Woodward Manning, secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry association. The hall was well filled and the occasion was both enjoyable and interesting. Rev. Charles F. Carter presided. A vote of thanks was given Miss Sarah Brooks, who worked diligently to make the affair a success.

Old Belfry club went to Medford Tuesday night and lost in the 3rd round. Old Belfry won out in whist.

It has not been necessary for the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company to pump water into the town mains the past week, for there has been enough water from the driven wells of the town to supply the needs of the people. The town has pumped with its portable engine and it is thought in a short time there will be water enough. A very cold snap will be upon us, and the reservoir so that it will be of but little use, but the springs and wells will be unfailing when the last work is done in connecting up.

Edwin A. Willard, 45 years of age, formerly of Lexington Heights, was taken to the Massachusetts General hospital, Thursday, by Dr. S. M. Bartlett. Mr. Willard has gangrene in his toes and his condition is serious.

Through the efficiency of Robert H. White, who has charge of the highway department, the roads were broken out and sidewalks cleared of snow promptly Wednesday morning. Highway Surveyor H. A. C. Woodward did excellent work Thursday, by having the sidewalks in the center section of the city cleared of snow. The police officers appreciated his thoughtfulness.

The selectmen had a regular meeting at the town hall, Thursday afternoon. Electric cars were delayed Tuesday night and Wednesday morning on the L. & B. road on account of the storm. The tracks were all clear before night, however, which was a good thing, compared with roads in other places. The Boston & Woburn did not get a car through to Lowell until Thursday morning. George W. Sampson has the laugh from his friends by a much delayed trip from Waltham, Tuesday night.

North Lexington.

The new car barn of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company will be ready for occupancy in about a week. The contractors, C. H. & A. F. Ireland, are pushing the enterprise with all possible diligence.

George F. Tewksbury is contemplating the erection of a new house when the spring opens.

Mrs. Olive J. Smith has been visiting in New York with friends.

Mrs. O. G. Smith has been visiting friends in Somerville the past week.

Mrs. Charles Smith had an operation performed upon her legs, at a Boston hospital one day this week.

A son was born on Thursday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall.

THE FIRST TO TELL NEWS.

The first intimation Lexington people had last week relative to the decision of the county commissioners on the avenue widening project was communicated to them through the medium of the Enterprise. Neither the petitioners nor the remonstrants to the plan, nor, in fact, any of the parties directly interested in it upon either side had the first intimation of the result until the news came as aforesaid. George W. Sampson and Edwin A. Bayley, who represented more or less the conflicting interests, were informed of the decision by the Enterprise. Both were much surprised that the decision should have been made so quickly, and appreciated the information given them in advance of publication. Of course Mr. Sampson was delighted with the news, although he said he had had but little doubt as to the ultimate result. Mr. Bayley was by no means greatly displeased, for he declared he had more than expected the commissioners would decide to widen as far as Oak street. He was pleased, however, when told the widening would stop there, and was also satisfied at the plan of the commissioners to put the widening on the ground instead of accepting the plan as submitted. Mr. Bayley was also somewhat surprised at the promptness of the decision.

VICTIM OF SWINDLERS.

The Boston Globe furnished this bit of news, the past week, in connection with the arrest of three alleged Wall street swindlers by the police: Mrs. Helen M. Richards, of Curve street, East Lexington, wife of Dr. W. L. Richards, is one of the victims of New York stock swindlers. Mrs. Richards is about 60 years of age and well known in Lexington. For many years her husband and hers if lived on a farm here. They worked hard and saved considerable money. The farm was sold a short time ago and the family moved to their present domicile on Curve street. Mrs. Richards says that she has received circulars bearing nearly all the firm names used by Dillon, Barrett and McCauley. About a year ago she sent a check for \$100 to Lloyd J. Smith & Son. She received a receipt for the money and a statement that affairs were booming, but she has received no financial returns. At various times since she has received circulars bearing the other firm names used by the swindlers.

Celery at Catrino's fruit store comes fresh every day. Choice bunches for 10 cents. Best grade, two bunches for 25 cents.

The new brand of flour known as "Beacon Brand" is offered for sale by W. L. Burrill. It comes from the Armona mills in Minnesota, and is meeting a big demand.

A box of Old Belfry cigars would make an excellent Christmas present for any friend who smokes. If you are a judge of cigars one sample will convince, but if you do not smoke yourself, rely upon popular evidence and send a postal card to Charles G. Kauffmann, East Lexington, who makes them, and give your order early. Mr. Kauffmann's shop is a model of neatness and this in itself adds pleasure to the thought while smoking his cigars.

Why Smoke
a poor cigar, of poor quality and poor manufacture when you can get a clear hand-made cigar like

The "Blue Bird"
for 5 cents or the

"Old Belfry"
for 10 cents.

Manufactured in East Lexington by
CHARLES G. KAUFFMANN

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Our . . . Grain Trade Is Increasing. WHY?

Because we sell the very best quality at lowest cash prices. Try us and see for yourself.

C. A. BUTTERS

POST OFFICE BLOCK, LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON FRUIT STORE

C. CATERINO, Proprietor.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, Etc.
All kinds of Fruits in their Season.
Sherburne Block, LEXINGTON

As Good As New.

Carriages repaired in first-class manner. Carriage building a specialty. Good work in short order.

H. A. SHAW,
Shop, off Depot Sq., Residence, Fuzzy St. LEXINGTON.

H. V. SMITH.
Periodicals, Confectionery, Cigars,
Boston and New York Newspapers
Boots, Shoes, Bicycles, Gent's Furnishings.
MASSACHUSETTS AVE LEXINGTON.
OPP. P. O.

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen,
DINING ROOM.
Good Home Dinner, 25c
Transients Accommodated.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Mass. Ave., Lexington.

J. W. GRIFFIN,
Horse Shoeing,
Wagon & Carriage Building.
(Shop rear of Hunt's Building.)
LEXINGTON.

CHARLES ROOKE,
Upholsterer and Cabinet-Maker
CARPET and Shade Work, Mattresses Made Over, Furniture Repaired and Polished. Antique Furniture Repaired and Refinished same as Original. Reproduction of Antiques. Furniture Bought or Taken in Exchange.
Lexington.

P. J. STEVENS,
Custom TAILOR.

Special Attention Given to ORDER WORK.
Cleansing, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Done
Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., LEXINGTON.

THOMAS SPEED,
Jobbing and - -
Ornamental Gardener.
Men always on hand by the day or week. Contracts promptly attended to.
Residence, Vine St., Lexington
Box 371.

E. B. McLALAN,
(Successor to Wm. E. Denham)
HORSESHOER,
Special attention given to Over-reaching, Interfering, or Lame Horses.
Shop at the Old Stand, Adjoining R. R. Station, Westley Side, Lexington.

On September 26, 1901,
the Misses Brooks reopened their
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
to the preparatory department of which boys will be admitted. For terms and further particulars, address
MISS BROOKS,
Warren St., Lexington.

NOURSE & CO.,
Lexington Express.
Furniture and Piano Moving.
32 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON OFFICES.
75 KILBY STREET, LEXINGTON OFFICE, MASS. AVE.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS.
M. F. WILBUR, Prop.
Flour, Grain,
Hay and Straw
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grain is received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be out under.
Office, off Massachusetts Ave., LEXINGTON.

MOAKLEY'S PHARMACY.
Drugs and Medicines.
Chemicals, Sundries,
Choice Perfumes, Fine Soaps.
CIGARS AND SODAS.
Massachusetts Ave. and Waltham St., LEXINGTON.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY.

(Continued from Page One.)

In France by telling of its large cities, towns, castles, public buildings, etc., and her lectures are so conducted that questions may be asked at any time. The subject Wednesday was "Versailles." One of a series of subscription dances to be given by the Belmont tennis club, during the winter, was held in the town hall last Saturday evening. The evening was enjoyed by about 45 couples, who danced until 11 to the music of Horne's orchestra. A feature of the musical program was the rendering of some of the popular Harvard gridiron selections, Mrs. M. B. Horne and Mrs. H. O. Underwood were the matrons.

The Fitchburg division train, due to leave Belmont at 8.10 was thirty minutes late Friday morning.

The ladies of All Saints' church announce a Christmas sale and supper to be held December 10, from 3 to 10 o'clock in the town hall. A varied assortment of useful and ornamental articles suitable for Christmas gifts will be provided. Supper at 6 o'clock. The ladies cordially invite their friends and neighbors to the event to insure the success of the occasion.

Vaccinations at the public stations to Wednesday night numbered 575.

Belmont hook and ladder truck, No. 2, was called to Waverley, Tuesday, at midnight in response to a second alarm from box 5.

Lawrence Ryan has recovered from his recent illness and is back at his post of duty at the station.

Rev. Edwin R. Cummings, of Boston, occupied the Unitarian pulpit last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Lloyd is the candidate for tomorrow.

On the evening before Thanksgiving the following testimonial, signed by 25 residents of Belmont, was sent to Rev. and Mrs. Hilary Bygrave: "Dear friends, it is with extreme regret that we learn of the severing of your connection with the Belmont Congregational society, and this means not only a vital loss to the parish you have served so long and so faithfully, but an unmistakable loss to our town as well. We are not unmindful of the power you have been in the community for the past fifteen years, and we know that other fields of labor will offer you new opportunities for influence and usefulness. Wherever you may carry on your good work, you may feel assured of our continued affection and of our deep interest in whatever works for your happiness and success."

A meeting of the Belmont Hospital and school was held in the rooms of the Belmont club, Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Visit Pach's studio, Cambridge. Wednesday was another lucky day for Belmonters in the way of advancement of postal facilities. There is now an extra mail each day daily and an inward and outward mail Sundays, the new daily mail arrives at 10.30 and departs at 10.30 a.m., and the Sunday mail arrives at 9.30 a.m. and departs at 7 p.m.

WAVERLEY.

Tomorrow the quartet at the Waverley Congregational church, singing the hymn "Jerusalem," by Parker, and the response "Upward When the Stars Are Shining."

The 655 electric for Boston Tuesday night took fire in the way of advancement box when half-way up Woodlawn hill, and the passengers who were transferred to the next car did not arrive at Park street till 8.30.

The Young People's Religious union held a meeting in the Unitarian church vestry Sunday evening. The service was led by Miss Maud Roscoe, and the subject, "Rev. This Star King," by Harry C. Stearns. Some added interest was given the subject as Mr. Stearns was formerly a scholar in the Sabbath school in the San Francisco parish founded by Rev. Mr. King.

A meeting of the Young People's Religious union was held at the home of Malcolm Hall last Friday evening. During the business session a committee was appointed to send flowers Nov. 30 to Mrs. Chandler as a commemorative mark of respect on the anniversary of the death

BELMONT ADVERTISERS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the shareholders of the Waverley Co-operative bank will be held at the banking rooms, Church street, Waverley, on Monday, December 9, 1901, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of nominating officers and auditors for the ensuing fiscal year.

IRVING F. MUNROE,
Secretary.

Waverley, Nov. 28, 1901.

E. PRICE,
Blacksmith and
Wheelwright
Horseshoeing and Jobbing promptly attended to.
Carriage and Sign Painting.
Belmont, Mass.

Fruit, Candy, Tonics.

Quick Lunch, Bakery and Tobacco.

SAMUEL ORTOLANO,
(Successor to Simeone Bros.)

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Waverley Cafe.
Choice Confectionery,
Hot Drinks, Lunches to Order

JOHN B. PERAULT,
PAINTING, DECORATING, ENAMELLING
Glazing, Graining, Kalsomining and Paper Hanging; Floors Waxed and Polished; Picture Moulding, etc., etc.; also Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Shellac, Glass Putty and Mixed Paints of all the leading shades on hand and for sale. Residence
Cor. Leonard and Moore Sts., BELMONT.

W. L. CHENERY,
Insurance.
Belmont, Mass.

GEORGE E. MARTIN,
Harness Maker.
Repairing of all kinds of Leather Goods, Trunks, Bags, Etc., Whips, Harnesses and Stable Supplies.
LEONARD STREET, BELMONT.
Opposite the Fire Station.

of their departed member, Royal G. Chandler. Following the business session, games were enjoyed.

Monday evening in response to an invitation by the pastor quite a large number gathered in the vestry of the Waverley Congregational church to practice some of the hymns in the new book. Charles E. Stearns acted as precentor.

Miss Helen M. Smith conducted the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. last Sunday evening. The subject was "Children of God."

C. S. Scott entertained his father-in-law, Wm. E. Pond, of Wrentham, Robert W. Pond, town engineer of Wrentham, at his home on Davis street, Thanksgiving day, and in so doing broke the record of 13 years, during which time Thanksgiving dinner had been served in the Pond family mansion at Wrentham.

Arthur F. Main, engineer of McLean hospital, will occupy, with his family, the "Woodard" at 85 Mount Vernon street, Waverley district, Watertown.

Attention is called to the notice of the meeting of the stockholders of the Waverley Co-operative bank.

Miss M. A. Freeman spent her Thanksgiving vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Marcy, at Newton.

Miss Carrie Dean spent her Thanksgiving vacation with her parents at Taunton.

Miss Blanche Minot spent her Thanksgiving with friends at Providence.

Carl Neilson was quite badly bitten by a dog this week.

At about 12 o'clock midnight, Tuesday, Wm. H. Flannigan, who lives in Davis street, near the Waverley depot, was aroused by a dog in the house and discovered a fire in progress in the cellar. The severe storm of the evening was at its height and the wind blowing a gale. He gave the alarm and the Waverley hose was at hand within 15 minutes in answer to an alarm from box 35, and succeeded in containing the fire to the interior of the house, where it was caused by a gas stove. The property was insured, but the inconvenience it caused will be very great. Mr. and Mrs. Flannigan having occurred their home only about two weeks and having put new furnishings throughout the new building. They will rebuild immediately.

CHRISTMAS FAIR OF THE WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

The Waverley Unitarian society held a Christmas fair in Waverley hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening, which was a very successful and sociable event. The tables were artistically decorated and well and abundantly supplied with useful and ornamental articles was in session under the following table: Domestic table, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Dilaway, Mrs. Conley; fancy table, Mrs. Felice, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. E. Brown, Jr., Mrs. Buzzell, Miss Louise Stearns; candy table, Mrs. H. C. Russell; ice cream table, Allen, Miss E. Burdick; ice cream table, Mrs. Castner, Mrs. Fagan; Christmas tree, Miss Lawson; handkerchief table, Mrs. F. L. Holmes; Miss Grace Haskins; calendar table, Mrs. E. A. Casterne; Mrs. Cullis, Mrs. Dorothy Routledge. Supper was served from 6 to 8 by the following committee: Mrs. G. F. Kendall, Mrs. W. Kendall, Mrs. T. J. Chase, Mrs. George Palmer, Mrs. E. A. Casterne.

The entertainment, arranged by the Young People's Religious union, is worthy of much favorable comment. Music was furnished by Morrison's Waverley orchestra, which was successful in this respect. The entertainment was very handsomely arranged stage. Harry C. Stearns as Edward Ralston, a promising young American, did well from a butler to the parlor lady scene, in which, Miss E. Morrison as Sierrita, a young girl, fun and sweetness was poured forth. Miss Nellie Chase was a very dignified Mrs. O'ndeg-Jones, and Ralph S. Davis as Chauncey O'ndeg-Jones, and Miss Maud H. Roscoe as Lady Guinevere. Landpoore, presented able portrayals of embarrassing situations in society.

East Lexington.

The fourth assembly of the Jolly Four occurred Tuesday evening, at Village hall. Despite the stormy weather and delayed electric and steam trains, enough people were present to make the dance a success. The "shank" was the only disappointing feature was the fact that when the dance was over, no cars were running, and those bound for Arlington Heights were obliged to wait for a "shank" home. The management is preparing for a one o'clock party on New Year's eve. There will be extra music, and special cars to Lexington and the Heights at the close of the dance.

Work has commenced on Palmer's new grain shed at the corner of Curve street and the avenue. James H. Phillips has the contract.

The building now occupied by C. A. Mandelberg is to be moved back a few feet and a blacksmith shop erected on the front of the lot. C. Washburn's men are doing the work.

The Follen Alliance is preparing for its annual fair, which will probably be held Dec. 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Teel were in town Sunday.

FOLLEN CHURCH.

The subject of the Y. P. guild meeting, last Sunday evening, was "Temperance." The meeting was in charge of Miss Anna M. John. John H. Holmes, who was

Tragedy of St. Mark's Steeple

Do you know, sir, I can never look at that steeple without turning cold all over, although it's nearly forty years since it happened. And the old man pointed toward the distant city, where the tall, slender spire of St. Mark's, rising higher than the rest, was silhouetted against the glow of the setting sun, whose last rays made the gilded vane on the summit burn as with fire.

It's forty years since, he continued, but it might have been yesterday, so vivid is the horror of it; but come inside and I'll tell you all about it.

She would never let on that she cared for me. She was too afraid of a fuss for that, but I thought I had a chance, and I went for it for all I was worth. She used to drive me mad with jealousy, flitting with this man and smiling on that, until I could have killed the whole lot. But I never let her see it. I was much too deep for that.

Only let a girl know you're jealous and she'll make your life a hell, a torment, just for the love of teasing and showing her power over you. I always came up smiling, and she couldn't understand it, but it conquered her in the end, and for nearly forty years, bless her, she's been the sweetest, most loyal wife a man ever had.

But this is an old story, you say, and so it is, but still it's always new, and I'll get on to the tragedy quite soon enough.

The only man I was really afraid of was my partner Jack—Jack Harding—as fine a young fellow as you ever saw in your life, tall and straight as a fath and with a face like a young god, but he was a bit inclined to be wild, and that was a fatal thing in my line. Ruth was fonder of him than of all the others—that girl could help it?—and if he'd only played his cards well he might have had her without giving any of us a look in.

But jealousy! Why, my worst attacks were mildness itself compared with Jack's, and he couldn't conceal them as I did. He had some Spanish blood in his veins, I always thought—he looked like a Spaniard—and if she even smiled at an other man his eyes flashed as if he would strike them both dead, and more than once he lost his temper and said things to her that no girl would stand, least of all Ruth.

Well, to come to the point, I soon saw that the prize rested between him and me, and though I thought my chance was small enough, I wasn't going to lose her for want of asking.

If I live to be a hundred, I shall always remember that evening when I asked her if I had a chance and if she could marry a clumsy, ugly man like me.

"Chance?" she said as she looked up at me roughly out of her blue eyes. "Why, Jim, you donkey, you've got every chance, and if you hadn't been blind you'd have seen it months ago." And then she laughed a kind of hysterical laugh and hid her blushes on my shoulder.

Well, sir, if she'd knocked me down I couldn't have been more surprised—it was all so sudden and unexpected—but I had the presence of mind to put my arm round her and to draw her face up to mine to kiss it, and then—why, sir, there wasn't a man in England half as happy as me.

"But what about Jack?" I said, when I'd come to a bit.

"About Jack?" she said archly. "Well, when you say you're tired of me, I'll be glad to think about him—if I live long enough."

When Jack heard of it, he went mad—mad as a hatter—he would kill us both and fling himself into a wild orgy of drink and dissipation. I saw next to nothing of him for weeks, and when we met he passed on the other side of the road without looking at me. Of course I was sorry for him, but it was the luck of war, or, rather, of love, and I had played my cards honorably, while I was far too busy and happily occupied to have any fears for what he might do to me.

Then one day he seemed completely changed; came to me with an outstretched hand and asked my pardon, saying that I'd won fairly and wishing me luck. But somehow I didn't like the looks of him and didn't trust him, and I had good ground for my distrust, as I was soon to prove. During his drinking bout I had to hire an assistant for any job that came my way, but when he offered to join me again I took him on just as if nothing had happened.

My little girl was very nervous about me, now that I was so much to her, and begged me to give up steeple climbing and work on solid ground, but there is more money in the air, for me at least, and as I wanted to save for that little nest I had in view I thought I would stick to my steeple a little longer.

Then came the job that cost Jack his life and nearly cost me mine—regilding the vane on the top of St. Mark's steeple. How well I remember that morning in May when everything—my heart included—seemed to dance for joy of living and loving! I found time to run around to see my little girl before beginning work and found her sad and tearful.

She had dreamed the previous night that she saw me fighting with a man in midair, and then, all at once, I fell down, down and struck the earth with a sickening thud at her very feet.

"Don't go today, Jim," she pleaded as the tears chased each other down her cheeks. "I know something will happen to you."

In vain I argued and chaffed, and when at last I tore myself away with a promise to run in in the evening she covered her face with her hands and stood motionless in the door till I was out of sight, as if shutting some horrid spectacle from her eyes.

Jack was specially cheerful when I joined him—too gay, I thought, as I saw the reckless light in his eyes and saw the had been drinking.

"You lucky dog," he said as he slapped me on the shoulder. "You've been to see Ruth, I know, and her kiss is warm on your lips. Ah, well, I shall have my turn of luck some day—maybe sooner than you think!"

"I hope so, too, my lad," I said sympathetically as we set to work, "and the sooner the better."

A few hours later we were suspended, one on each side of the steeple, a couple of hundred feet above the pygmaes that were crawling beneath us. We were both busy as could be, gilding the ball from which the vane sprang, Jack on one side and me on the other.

Each of us was standing on a tiny platform, little larger than the seat of a

chair, with a sheer, dizzy drop of nearly twenty yards beneath us, and each, for additional safety, was attached to the steeple by a life line running under his arms.

Jack had not spoken a word for nearly an hour, but I thought nothing of that, as we were working against time and the darkness was beginning already to creep over the sky. You know when you're working at that height, removed as it were from all the world and with nothing but silence about and around you, the slightest noise sends a shock through a man, however strong his nerves may be.

You can imagine, then, how startled I was when, all at once, I heard a loud shriek of laughter almost, as it seemed, at my very ear. There was something uncanny about it, too, that set my heart thumping and my flesh creeping as they have ever done before or have since.

When the laugh ceased and silence came again as an awful relief, I said: "What's the joke, Jack? Don't keep it to yourself."

"Joke!" he said. "I should think it would be a joke. I was fancying you shooting down like a stone to the pavement down there and what Ruth would think when she saw the pieces."

"What a rummy idea!" I answered with affected coolness, though my heart was beating faster than ever and seemed as if it would suffocate me. "But I'm going down a little slower than that as soon as I've finished this bit of work. But pull yourself together, Jack, and get your gold on, and then we'll soon be down there on our two legs."

"No, sir!" he shouted. "I'm going to have a race with you to the bottom, and whoever gets there first Ruth can have. Come on! Now for a jump together!"

As he said this he craned his neck round the corner of the steeple to get a look at me, and a single glance at his wild eyes showed me that the man was raving mad and that I was alone in mid-air with a maniac who hated me and would certainly kill me if he could.

I was powerless. If I called for help, I might be heard, but who could come to my assistance, poised as I was at such a giddy height above the world? And in a single moment I might be in the throes of a life and death struggle with a man quite as strong as myself and made ten times stronger by madness.

He was slowly and surely working round toward me, and there was not a moment to waste. Something must be done quickly, and everything depended on keeping cool. In a moment I had eased the hitch of the line around my hand and was swung around to meet him. Before he had time to protect himself I had seized him by the throat and had forced him down on the saddle board.

But it was only for a moment, for, strong as I was, my strength was as a child's compared with his. With a wrench he was free and had flung his powerful arms around my chest and was squeezing the very life out of me.

In vain I struggled as we swung backward and forward against the face of the steeple. I tried to call out, but my voice stuck in my throat, my eyes felt as if they were being forced out of my head, and my breath came in convulsive gasps. All the time, amid the horrible silence, broken only by the creaking of the ropes and the grating of the saddles against the steeple, his eyes were glaring into mine and his hot breath was on my face.

I felt my senses rapidly leaving me when my hand by accident struck my toolbox, and instinctively, as it were, clutched a wrench. With a last effort I raised my hand, struck him with all my remaining strength full on the temple—and then I remembered no more.

When I came to myself, I was lying in bed and Ruth's eyes were looking down on me with just such a look in them as an angel might have, but she said no word, and I sank into unconsciousness again.

It was weeks before I was about again or heard what happened after all became dark about me on the top of the steeple. It seems the struggle had been seen by the people on the street below. An excited crowd had gathered, but they could do nothing but look and wonder and wait. They had seen me strike Jack and fall senseless in the saddle as his arms released me, and then, to their horror, they had seen him slip off his platform and drop like a stone, rebounding off the steeple and falling with shattered head on the stone pavement at their feet. He must have slipped his life line in the struggle, but luckily mine saved me, and with great difficulty I was safely lowered down and carried home.

Well, there's little more to tell. They buried poor Jack, and three months later the wedding bells were ringing for me and the sweetest bride that ever brought a man from the gates of death back to a life that has been all sunshine.—London Tit-Bits.

A Trick With a Candle and a Box.

Put in the top of a light, shallow paste-board box two holes, each about an inch in diameter, and place over each an argand lamp chimney. In one hole stand a candle cut to such a length that it will project about half an inch above the box. Light the candle and then hold burning "touch paper" over the other lamp chimney. The smoke, instead of rising, will go down one chimney and, after it has filled the box, will rise through the other. The reason is that the burning candle makes a draft up its chimney, and, if the box is airtight, to supply the place of what is going out air must come down the other chimney.

"Touch paper," by the way, is made by dipping unglazed paper in a solution of saltpetre. When dry, it burns with a smoke, but not with flame.

Another experiment is to hold the hand tightly over the chimney where the draft is downward. The candle in the other chimney will begin to burn feebly and smoke and will go out if there are no cracks in the box for air to get in. The reason air does not get to it down its own chimney is that the upward draft there is too strong.

Losing Logic.

A section foreman on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton several years ago, while cleaning up the right of way, set fire to a rail fence, and the owner of the rails demanded damages from the company, and a claim agent was sent to settle with him. Danny, the section boss, was on hand and insisted that the rail owner was not damaged.

"I don't know why I am not damaged," he exclaimed. "You set fire to my fence and destroyed it."

"Shure I sit fire to yer fence," explained Danny, "but ivery rail was burned in two in the middle, and now yer have more rails by double than yez had before the fire."

Danny's logic, however, did not save the company from settling the bill.—Indianapolis News.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, Belmont.
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Belmont.
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Belmont.

Morning services at 8:30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3:30; vespers, 7:30.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, (Episcopal), Belmont.

Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. M. C. A. Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 6:30 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 12:15 p.m.; preaching service, 7:15 p.m.; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Waverley.

Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, 6:15 p.m.; evening service, 7:15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.

Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS, Waverley.

Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, Belmont Lodge.

Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

BELMONT FIRE ALARM.

1. No School.
2. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.
3. Cor. School and Goddard Sts.
4. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.
5. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.
6. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. At Kings).
7. Elm House.
8. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.
9. Prospect St.
10. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.
11. Cross St.
12. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.
13. Cor. Common and North Sts.
14. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.
15. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.
16. Cor. School and Washington Sts.
17. Grove St.
18. Town Farm.
19. Waverley St.
20. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.
21. Cor. Church and North Sts.
22. White and Maple Sts.
23. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.
24. Trapelo road, Agassiz St.
25. School St. near Hittinck.
26. One blow for test, at 6:55 a.m., 4:55 p.m.
27. Two blows when fire is all out.
28. D. S. McCABE, Chief.
29. E. PRICE.
30. H. H. RUSSELL, Engineers.

NEW BOOKS.

LUCY IN FAIRYLAND, by "Sophie May," being the sixth and last volume of "Little Prudy's Children" series; 16mo; cloth; finely illustrated by C. H. L. Gebfert. "Lucy" and "Bab" have become too well known to the children of this country to need an introduction, but among all their entertaining experiences they never had such ones as are allotted them in this latest book, in which they climb to the moon, make the acquaintance of Diana (or "Mrs. Dinah," as the little girls call her) and have all kinds of delightful times with the "moonlight" and various fairies and sprites. The eight fine full-page illustrations by Mr. Gebfert make this book specially attractive, and it is truly worthy of the large sale it has attained. A new book by this famous and well beloved author, Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. Price, 75 cents.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BOY, by Marguerite Linton Gientworth ("Gladys Dudley Hamilton"), 12mo, cloth, illustrated by Charles Copeland. Although this is the first book, Miss Gientworth, or "Gladys Dudley Hamilton," is widely known throughout this country and England as possessor of uncounted literary genius of rare brilliancy, most strikingly shown by her "small boy" articles, pronounced by Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose famous child protegee Miss Gientworth was, to be worthy of Douglas Jerrold. This book more than fulfills the promise of earlier sketches, and has been pronounced by competent judges fully equal to the "Story of a Bad Boy." In fact, it is a volume that will appeal to all ages. Its fun is irresistible and its literary quality superior. The fine illustrations by Mr. Copeland and the handsome binding add in making the volume as attractive as it is entertaining. It is one of those rare publications that can confidently be predicted to have a run. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. Price, \$1.25.

COMMON PEOPLE, by Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., dedicated to those at whose request these familiar talks have been put into print. My friends in many places to whom it has been my privilege to proclaim the gospel of service, and earnest men and women who have helped me by their sympathy and encouragement by their approval.

Doctor Hall's new book is written in a simple, yet vigorous and manly style, and touching themes of large popular interest. It is a volume that will appeal not only to the many personal friends to whom the author dedicates the work, but also to the public in general who love sincere and suggestive speech on the vital topics of home, society and church. In many ways this handsome volume is an original and valuable contribution to the literature of the present day. It is a very striking and complete and sympathetic touch with the thought, the needs and the hopes of the twentieth century. It is not only a manly book for the current hour, it is also a prophetic book, and every man or woman, young or old, who reads it will not only be glad to own it for frequent perusal but will wish to assist in its still larger circulation, for the sake of the inspiration and encouragement to noble living, and to better social conditions in general, that must follow wherever it goes. For use as a Christmas gift the current season, nothing more desirable could be chosen. Cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, handsome cover design, price \$1. James H. West Co., publishers, 79 Milk street, Boston.

Creda For the Skin.

will cure CHAPPED HANDS or FACE in from 24 to 48 hours. Try it and you will use no other. For sale by Chas. W. Grossmith, O. W. Whittemore, H. A. Perham. Price, 25 cents.

A PLAN FRUSTRATED

The Story of Whites and Indians in Former Days.

The sun was slowly sinking toward the western horizon when one day, despite an ominous warning from the veteran guide, Jackson Blake and Edna Fenton rode in advance of the train. Side by side they galloped away over the rolling prairie, little heeding how fast or how far they went.

Edna was an excellent horsewoman, and the rich color upon her cheeks told how well she enjoyed the pleasure of a free dash across the open prairie. At a challenge from her companion the horses were put to their utmost speed, and away they flew, neck and neck.

They knew not how far they had gone when they drew rein and, while their horses regained their wind, looked back over the course they had come.

An exclamation burst from Blake's lips, for the train was not in sight, but away in the distance came a dozen dark horsemen, and even as the young man looked back an exultant shout came faintly to his ears. Almost through his clenched teeth Blake hissed:

"Redskins, by Jove! Miss Fenton, we must fly for our lives!"

Edna uttered a little cry of alarm, and, wheeling their horses, they dashed away to escape the red demons in pursuit.

Already were their horses breathing heavily from their rapid race a short time before, and now they were fleeing before the red hounds of the plains, every one of whom was mounted upon a fleet horse. Far away, directly in the path of the fugitives, it seemed, hung the sun, a huge round ball of fire suspended but a short distance above the horizon.

"Oh, sir, do you think we can escape those terrible creatures?" anxiously inquired the frightened maiden.

Before replying Jackson Blake took one long look back over his shoulder.

"I think we can," he answered. "We have a fair start, and the sun is low. If our horses hold out till it becomes dark, we may succeed in eluding them."

"Heaven grant we may!" was the prayer that Edna softly repeated.

Away across the plain raced pursued and pursuers, and slowly the sun sank. Every minute seemed an hour to the fatigued and terrified maiden.

Glancing back occasionally, Jackson Blake could see that the savages were slowly but surely gaining.

Finally the sun reached the horizon and gradually sank from view.

"We shall elude them, Miss Fenton," were the encouraging words that the dark mustache man uttered. "In the darkness we can circle and strike back for the train."

Slowly a dusky gloom gathered over the plains. Looking upward, Jackson Blake laughed with satisfaction.

"There will be no moon during the first part of the night," he observed, "and therefore it will be comparatively dark."

His words proved true. Night settled over the Dakota plains, and darkness veiled the fugitives from the eyes of their pursuers.

In the gloom the man and girl gradually drew to the left, hoping that the redskins would pass them in the dark.

Finally Blake drew rein.

"Listen!"

They remained perfectly silent and listened intently. A faint breeze fanned their faces, and the distant bark of a coyote came faintly to their ears. Their all was still.

"We have eluded them," declared the man. "Now we must double back. For time may direct us to the train."

Softly the maiden breathed a prayer that the kind Father might direct their aright, and, trusting all to her companion she followed him through the darkness.

Slowly the panting, foam-flecked horses walked onward, guided by their riders. The poor animals were nearly exhausted but it wouldn't do to give them a breath spell even now. First they must be sure they were out of danger.

It seemed that for hours they passed onward. Edna was completely bewildered. She could not tell where she was going. However, she began to feel that their pursuers were eluded and was mentally thanking the all-wise Being who had allowed them to escape when suddenly, all around them, a number of dark forms seemed to spring up out of the very earth.

Then through the night rang out a yell of triumph from the throats of a dozen Sioux, and ere they could resist both man and maiden were dragged from their horses.

Then Edna became unconscious. She knew nothing of what happened until her senses returned, and she found herself lying upon the ground with both her hands tightly bound. Near at hand a campfire was feebly burning, and by its light she saw that she was surrounded by the forms of many sleeping Indians. They were in a little cottonwood grove upon the bank of a stream.

A realizing sense of the full horror of her position caused a sickening sensation to creep over her, and for a moment she came near fainting again. She was a captive in the hands of the bloodthirsty redskins.

But where was her companion, Jackson Blake? She asked herself the question, and then shuddered with horror as an answer arose in her mind. He had been murdered! As she looked upon the sleeping forms she half expected to see Jackson Blake's scalp attached to a savage's girdle. But although no sight met her gaze, she still felt sure that her companion had been slain.

By the flaring light of the campfire she saw that beneath the rude rawhide things that held her wrists together a silk handkerchief had been placed, evidently to keep the hands from cutting and chafing her tender flesh. The handkerchief, she thought, had been taken from the body of her companion, but such care for her feelings upon the part of a red man was a great surprise.

The Indians were all sleeping soundly, evidently little fearing the approach of foes or the escape of their captive. Edna struggled to break her bonds, but one attempt was sufficient, for it showed her that such a thing was impossible. Then she thought that she might arise and steal away, but she became aware that a lariat was fastened around her waist and attached to the wrist of an Indian near by.

As she lay there, trying to think of some means of escape, she fancied she heard a faint sound in the darkness near at hand. She strained her eyes in that direction, but for a time could see nothing.

The fire sank lower, till a dull red glow given out by the embers was about all the

light visible. Then, near at hand, she heard a warning hiss, and among the other shadows, seeming one of them, she saw what appeared to be a human form. The next moment the dark form slowly and silently advanced.

With her heart pounding heavily in her breast, Edna watched this shadow. Without the least noise it drew near. Finally the trembling, excited girl was enabled to make out that it was a white man.

Without disturbing the sleeping Indians, the daring intruder reached the captive's side. The dull light from the embers flashed upon the bared blade of a knife. The next moment the girl's bonds were severed.

In her ear the stranger breathed the very softest of whispers, enjoining the greatest caution. Then he lifted her to her feet. She would have fled from the spot, but he detained her.

Cautiously they crept away and, without disturbing an Indian, reached the shadows that lay just beyond the gradually diminishing circle of light. In another moment they were hastening away through the cottonwoods.

Suddenly the sound of voices near at hand arrested their fleeing footsteps. The unknown rescuer quickly sank to the ground, drawing the girl down with him. They were near the edge of the timber, and a short distance away they could see a dark form outlined against the sky. The man was speaking, and evidently others were sitting on the ground near at hand listening.

"We've got the girl in our hands. The rest will be easy. We will drop on the train and wipe it out. Then I will turn up and pretend to rescue the girl from the reds. She will never suspect me and will naturally look upon me as a hero. Of course she will fall in love with me, having no other friend and protector. Thus I shall win the only woman I ever loved—and I loved her at first sight—without letting her become aware of the disagreeable fact that I am Black Jack, the outlaw. Eh, boys?"

"Good plan, cap, and under your management it can't fail to work," observed an unseen speaker.

Then, while the outlaws were talking and planning, the rescued girl and her rescuer crept away.

Edna had recognized the voice of the first speaker and was nearly stricken helpless by amazement and horror. Jackson Blake had not been killed. He was alive and unharmed, and not only that, but he was an outlaw—a false, black-hearted traitor. While apparently attempting to escape from the Indians he had carried her into their very midst.

Nearly half a mile away, in the midst of some thick cottonwoods, a horse was hitched. His feet were muffled, so that even if driven at full gallop they would give out little sound.

The escaped captive and her rescuer had reached the place where the animal was hitched when a long drawn yell came through the night from the Indian camp. Immediately a wild chorus of similar cries followed the first.

The man laughed as he deftly unhitched the horse.

"Hear them howl," he muttered. "I reckon they have just missed something."

It was near sunrise when a double-burdened horse entered the emigrant camp many miles from the scene of rescue. Wild cries of joy burst from the emigrants' lips as they recognized Edna Fenton as one of the persons mounted upon the horse. Howard Fenton nearly swooned from joy when he once more held his daughter safe in his arms.

No need to tell of his grief—of the sleepless night he had spent—of how he was only prevented from going in search of his lost daughter by the guide promising to go with him in the morning. No need to tell of these things; they were written on the haggard face.

The old weather-beaten guide came forward.

"Why, hello! Durn my eyes!" he exclaimed as his gaze rested on Edna's rescuer. "No 'tain't—yes, 'tis Nebraska Nat, I swear!"

The next moment the old guide and the handsome young plainsman and scout clasped hands.

"Hear, folks," cried the guide as soon as he could make himself heard. "Let me intercede ye to Nebraska Nat, the dingiest whitest boy this side of their Mississippi!"

"And my brave rescuer," said Edna Fenton, a warm blush suffusing her beautiful face.

The reader can imagine what followed. From this time till they reached their destination the emigrants were constantly on their guard. One night they were attacked, but succeeded in repulsing the foe. As the Indians retreated they carried away their dead warriors. The bodies of two white men were found, however. One was instantly recognized as Jackson Blake—Black Jack, the outlaw.

The wagon train reached its destination in safety, and three months later the Deadwood Pioneer contained the following notice:

Married.—In this city on Nov. 18, by the Rev. —, Nathaniel Norton to Miss Edna Fenton.

What Geology Reveals.

Geology reveals to us the fact that classes of animals rise and fall, are exterminated and then brought low, just as empires among men. The dinosaurs were not destined to remain for more than a certain time in their exalted position. Already in the new red sandstone period usurpers have appeared on the scene in the shape of humble little quadrupeds, creatures apparently unable to cope with their rivals of the reptile class, but destined, as ages rolled on, to grow in power and strength, and so to attain the proud position they now occupy.

One cannot help wondering how the victory was accomplished. But they had a more developed brain than reptiles. That would give them an immense advantage in the "struggle for existence." Thus it would seem that brains

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. xi, 1-10—Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, Isa. lxiii, 9—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt. Afterwards he will let you go hence." The time had come to deliver Israel from Egypt according to His promise to Abraham (Gen. xv, 14). Moses and Aaron are sent first to the elders of Israel to show by the signs God had commanded that they are His accredited agents in Israel's deliverance. The people believed and worshiped when they heard that God was about to deliver them (iv, 29-31). Moses and Aaron are then sent to Pharaoh with the message from the Lord, "Israel is My son, My firstborn, and I say unto thee, let My son go that he may serve Me, and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, thy firstborn." Pharaoh's reply was, "I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go" (iv, 22, 23; v, 2). He ordered Moses and Aaron to go to work, and he greatly increased the tasks of Israel, so that they cried against Moses and Aaron, and Moses cried to the Lord, who then said, "Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh." And He repeated with great emphasis His assurance that He would now deliver Israel (vi, 1-8). Note especially the seven "I wills" of verses 6-8, beginning and ending with "I am the Lord." This "yet one plague" of our lesson was the only one of which God spoke to Pharaoh (v, 23), but He is so long suffering that He sends first nine others, if perchance Pharaoh will repent and prevent the necessity of this last terrible one. He sent blood, frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts and darkness (vii to x), but Pharaoh only hardened his heart (iv, 21; vii, 3, 13, 14, 22; viii, 15, 19, 32; ix, 7, 12, 34, 35; x, 1, 20; xi, 10) until this last one had to come before he would let Israel go. He offered to let them go if they would not go far, but stay in the land. Then he offered to let the men go, but not the children. Then he offered to let old and young go, but not flocks and herds. But not till after this last plague was he willing to let all go, as the Lord demanded (viii, 25; x, 11, 24; xi, 31, 32). The whole record is suggestive of the way Satan holds on to those whom the Lord would redeem, and also those whom He has redeemed, hindering them from full consecration to God. But if we would glorify God "not an hoof must be left behind" (x, 26). We must be wholly set apart for Himself (Ps. iv, 3; Titus ii, 14, R. V.).

2, 3. God had said to Abram that when his seed should leave their house of bondage they would come out with great substance (Gen. xv, 14). The word "borrow" in this passage, and also in iii, 21, 22; xii, 35, 36, should be "ask" or "demand" (see R. V.), for the Israelites had long served the Egyptians and had a right to some recompense. To borrow with no intention to return the thing borrowed is simply to steal, and God could not authorize that which He had forbidden or was about to forbid (xx, 15). God never tempts any one to sin (Jas. i, 13, 14), much less commands it.

4-7. "That ye may know that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." The awful night drew nigh when, because of Pharaoh's sin, there was to be one dead, the first-born, in all Egyptian homes from the palace of the king to the home of the humblest peasant. Cattle also were to suffer in like manner, but no obedient Israelite would suffer, and the difference would be manifest to all. It came to pass just as God said (xii, 29, 30), and Pharaoh and the Egyptians thrust Israel out (xii, 31-33). When the plagues preceding this one came upon the Egyptians, Israel suffered not (viii, 22; ix, 4, 20), and God said to Pharaoh, "I will put a redemption between my people and thy people" (viii, 23, margin). The great difference between people on earth in the sight of God is not wealth or poverty, education or ignorance, culture or the lack of it, but redemption.

8. After the plague of darkness and Pharaoh's heart was still further hardened he said to Moses: "Get thee from me. Take heed to thyself. See my face no more." And Moses replied: "Thou hast spoken well. I will see thy face again no more" (x, 28, 29). There comes a last time when mercy ceases to be gracious. The heart has become increasingly hardened, and it wants only its own way of death, and God gives it up, saying: "Because I have called and ye refused I will also laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i, 24-27). He had to say as Israel increased in sin that though Moses and Samuel or Noah, Daniel and Job stood before Him yet He could not bear them on behalf of Israel (Jer. xv, 1; Ezek. xiv, 14). Yet this does not conflict with the truth that "God is love," and He is not willing that any should perish (I John iv, 8, 16; II Pet. iii, 9).

9. The Lord knew that Pharaoh would not listen to Moses, though he was free to do so if he had chosen, and the Lord took occasion thus to multiply His wonders in Egypt, for He maketh the wrath of man to prevail against him, and He was Jehovah in the midst of the earth and that there was none like Him in all the earth, as by His wonders upon Pharaoh and his people He would make His name to be declared throughout all the earth (viii, 22; ix, 14-16). By the obedience of His people and by His power on their behalf, also by His judgments upon His enemies, He makes His name known. His name was never so fully declared as in Christ (John xvii, 4, 26).

10. "And Moses and Aaron did all these wonders before Pharaoh"—that is, God did them through Moses and Aaron upon Pharaoh and his people. It is ever God who worketh, both in mercy to His own and in judgment upon His enemies, whatever instruments He may use. As His redeemed we must not see second causes, but only and always the one great first cause, even God Himself. As the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, note carefully the passages quoted under verse 1 in this connection and observe that it is written that Pharaoh hardened his heart as well as that the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. God commanded Pharaoh to let His people go, but knew the perversity of his heart, that he would not let them go till compelled to, though he might have done so if he had chosen. By his disobedience he hardened his heart still more. All that God did toward the hardening was to lay upon him a command which he saw fit to disobey.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9.45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10.30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo P. Corrane, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10.45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12.00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly. Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6.30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Wednesday, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening, prayer, Thursday, 7.45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10.30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7.30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meets second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 10.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 1st to May 1st.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday 2.30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

49 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.

52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

53 cor. Larch and Reed streets.

54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

56 Lowell street near Arlington line.

57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

58 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

60 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

61 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

62 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

63 Mass. avenue and Sylvia street.

64 Bedford street near Elm street.

65 Centre Engine House.

66 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

67 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

68 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.

69 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

70 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

71 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

531 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

532 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, taper at residence of chief engineer, taper at residence of first assistant engineer, taper at residence of second assistant engineer, taper at pumping station, taper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, taper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, taper at centre engine house, taper at East Lexington engine house, taper at residence of James H. Shelly.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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"NECK OR NOTHING"

The Story of a Reckless Man.
By JESSE POPE.

They had christened him Sidney, and even his godmother found it inadequate. He was "Neck or Nothing" to his friends, "that blundering fool" to his critics. He had no enemies. In conversation he was as keen a sportsman as Drayton West, who led the county; in execution he hardly kept pace with the rank and file, whose order he spoiled every time by his uncontrollable energy. He would start for a round of golf full of joy and promise and return within an hour to the clubhouse with bits of clubs sticking out of his pockets and a badly ricked back. They say that after one of his rounds they had to practically remake the links, and there's an old story of a ferocious swing of his when he missed the ball, twirled round like a teetotum and sat on the tee. At billiards he would dig holes in the table, send his ball through the window and then complain of the light, while on the football field it was a case of save himself who can, for he was like a roaring bull let loose.

Those were exciting times, too, when he made up his mind to ride a bicycle and deputized Willy and a stable boy to support him. Willy was his smooth faced younger brother, frail in health and slight in build. His courage, however, was indomitable, and he needed it, for the learner's struggles were simply superhuman. One would have hardly thought it possible for a mere man to twist metal tubes into such weird shapes, and when he made up his mind to fall off no power on earth could stop him. He always fell on Willy, who would go under like a sapling before the avalanche, merely ejaculating "Oh!" as the breath was crushed out of his frail body. Willy never murmured, but it became evident that he was sinking under the strain, and the pastime was abandoned.

When "Neck or Nothing" went to Monte Carlo no one was surprised that he lost all his money the first night. He took it very much to heart, refused to send for a remittance or borrow from his friends, tramped back across France and arrived home one daybreak in magnificent health and tatters. He brooded constantly over his losses—though no one else did—and spent one sleepless night trying to hit on some means of curtailing his expenses. Next day he left off collars, for collars, he argued, were an item of expense that was never paid for, and he stuck to his point. There are not many men who can relinquish collars and still stand as well with the fair sex, but it is a fact that, after the first shock, "Neck or Nothing's" lady friends liked him better than ever. They called him Achilles II. and wrote some verses on the subject. Of course the reduction of his washing bill hadn't really anything to do with it; but, to prove to the world the success of his experiment, he shortly afterward invested in a big racing motor car and went to the builders to bring it home himself. What happened on that journey no man knows. The route was original, anyhow, for we kept getting telegrams from all sorts of unexpected places. The start was propitious for "Going strong." "Absolutely the very best." "Faster and faster" were the first messages we received. Then, after a silence lasting a day and a half came a pitiful wire, "Send help" followed in a couple of hours by another, "Send more help!" A relief party started in hot haste, only to return apprehensive and crestfallen. The career had been easy to follow to a certain point, then the clew suddenly vanished. In many small towns "That ere motor car" formed the topic of street corner conversation. At one place it had been a resolute stand which had led to some friction between its goaded driver and a disrespectful rustic in a hay cart. The scene ended in a novel manner, for while our friend was taking frenzied headers into the complicated machinery and burling menaces at the same time he received an electric shock of such violence that his opponent was bound in common humanity to jump down from his cart and help straighten him out.

At the next town the relief party became aware of such a sour and thwarted expression on the faces of the constables, such a nervousness about the horses and such a scarcity of dogs that they wisely refrained from further inquiry. However, after half a week's suspense, came the final telegram, "Arrive at 4 o'clock sharp," and at that hour quite a gathering turned out to welcome the wanderer. But the white highroad stretched before us long and bare, with nothing to relieve the monotony but an old road mender steering a noisy track on his ancient tricycle. So much for "Neck or Nothing's" vaunted punctuality, and we still gazed at the point where the road disappears over the hill when the creaking stopped, the road mender dismounted, and there—wan, grim, wear and disheveled—stood "Neck or Nothing" himself. Some seized him by the hand, some, they say, fell upon his neck, but all with one voice exclaimed: "But where's the motor car?" "Neck or Nothing" glanced at the rusty structure at his side. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," he said, "but I swapped it with an old road mender for this. The poor old chap seemed willing. Heaven knows I was." His voice sounded far away and unfamiliar, his face was refined by suffering, but he wore the grateful air of a man freed from a haunting care.

Shortly after this there happened to "Neck or Nothing" what happens to all—a trifling event to some, to him a catastrophe. He fell in love. It was just about this time that Flora first appeared upon the scene, and it was always poor Flora's fate to be a disturbing element. Life would have been so much more peaceful and so much less interesting without her. Her face was like a picture, her blue eyes melting and sympathetic and her voice so caressing that everybody's heart went out to her at once. At first all went well, the girls took it in turn to sit next to her and hold her hand; the men stood by and looked on. Gradually, however, this order of things became reversed, and then, of course, local politics grew complicated. It really wasn't Flora's fault—at least, she told us it wasn't. She always felt the need of affection, and if people did love her how could she prevent them from telling her so? It was not very long, as may be imagined, before her attention was turned to our hero. She was very gentle with him and took him so seriously that he took her seriously too. And one night at a dance, when he had torn her train and broken her fan, he was just going to tell her all his worries when Drayton West

came up and claimed the next dance. Drayton West was well bred and good looking and left poor "Neck or Nothing" as fairly routed on the field as he was on the parquet. For the rest of the evening he sat alone in a corner of the gallery, looking down at the dancers—he never took his eyes off Flora, and I think she was quite aware of the fact. "Neck or Nothing" did not go to bed that night. He tramped twenty miles through brake and briar, and when next morning he presented himself before his enchantress he was wild eyed and determined. The interview was short and stormy.

"Will you marry me? Yes or no?" was the thunderbolt he launched at her graceful head. Flora sank down on the settee with a contented sigh, and in her tender hearted way, tried to temporize. But he would have none of it. He refused to come here and sit down, he refused to have a nice comfortable talk, he refused to be a good, sensible boy. "Yes or no," and "Yes or no" only, was the refrain. Of course this did not suit Flora at all. She didn't want to marry him, but she did want to be nice to him, but at length, finding him monotonously obdurate, she admitted regretfully enough: "Well, if you will, of course it's no."

"Neck or Nothing" laughed loudly and rudely. "Of course it is!" he cried and walked out of the room and out of the house, and to Flora's evident disappointment, he never came back.

For three whole months he detached himself from frivolous society, and if his friends missed him so did his tailor, for when first stricken, the need of Flora and new suits had been simultaneous symptoms. It was calculated that when the fever was at its height he changed his attire every twenty-five minutes, and what attentions he could spare from his divinity were bestowed on color schemes in socks and ties. But the answer was no, and our hero went home to find consolation in a pipe, an old jacket and boots that were big enough.

One day in autumn we all rode to Kenyonthorpe. Flora was anything but an intrepid horsewoman, but she looked very beautiful in her habit, and Drayton West rode by her side. It was surely the finger of fate that drew "Neck or Nothing" to Kenyonthorpe that day, for as we cantered down the High street we saw him riding toward us. "Neck or Nothing" rides that sort of a horse you can hit with a stump and it doesn't mind. He called it a Welsh pony, and people said it was hollow, for its sides reverberated like a drum as he clattered along the road and belabored them. At the sound of his approach our horses laid back their ears and began to fidget, and there seemed some possibility of a stampede, when all of a sudden a fresh incident occurred which engaged everybody's attention. We happened to be on the bridge which crosses the sluggish little river Kenny when there rose a sudden clamor, and we saw a child struggling in the water.

Flora went very white.

"Oh, do save it!" she cried. Drayton West dismounted immediately and as he did so he glanced at his late rival and could scarcely repress a laugh, for, quick as thought, "Neck or Nothing" had dashed from his horse and leaped upon the parapet of the bridge. The next instant we saw him throw his arms above his head and dive elaborately into a couple of feet of water and half a foot of mud. Scared before, the child screamed with redoubled vigor at this fresh calamity, and Drayton West ran down the bank at the side of the bridge and drew her into safety with the handle of his hunting crop. When "Neck or Nothing" had got some of the mud out of his eyes and found, after a great deal of floundering, that he was standing in about two feet of water, he discovered that the rescue had been gracefully accomplished and the assembled company was incapable with laughter. But there were two exceptions—the wet child still shrank from him in terror, and I noticed that Flora's blue eyes were full of tears. "Neck or Nothing" saw them, too, and he at least had no doubt as to the emotion which brought them there.

Alas for the schemes of mice and men, that ride to Kenyonthorpe hardly turned out as Drayton West had intended. We waited while "Neck or Nothing" got a change, and, on the return journey, Flora's horse had rather more of the Welsh pony's company than it cared about.

"Flora," said I the next day, "Neck or Nothing" seemed to find a great deal to say to you last night."

Flora smiled a little ruefully.

"Yes," she said with a sigh, "I expect I shall have to marry him."

And she did.—King.

An Outraged Doctor.
An elderly lady, who was very wealthy and who had an inflated idea of her own importance, owned a pet monkey, which suddenly became quite ill. The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Portly Pompos, had the assurance to send for one of the most prominent physicians to attend the ailing simian.

When the doctor was introduced to his patient, he was very much enraged, but he did not betray it. He examined the sick monkey's pulse and asked the usual questions. In the corner of the room was a little boy, a grandson of Mrs. Portly Pompos. The doctor approached the boy, examined his pulse, and then said solemnly to the lady: "Madam, your two little grandchildren are suffering from indigestion. Give them light food, with plenty of exercise, and they will soon come around all right."

After the doctor had said this he bowed himself out, with a feeling that he had in a measure vindicated his professional dignity. The bill which he sent in was no heavy that Mrs. Portly Pompos, who is somewhat stingy, almost had a fit over it.—Irish Times.

An Irish "Bull."
In the way of a thoroughgoing "bull" the following is very hard to beat. A certain club in the west of Ireland had among its members a certain discontented minority who were continually finding fault with the arrangements made by the committee. One of the malcontents on one occasion, after calling at the clubhouse, left the following angry note on the board for the perusal of the committee: "Gentlemen, the hot water in the lavatory is perfectly cold; there is no cold water, as the tap is turned off at the main; there are no tips on any of the billiard cues, except one that is broken and of no use; the daily newspapers are constantly being mislaid, and the light is so bad that we can't read them."—London Standard.

Great Expectations.
"George has an automobile in view." "Who, George? He couldn't buy the tire for one wheel." "It belongs to the girl he would like to marry."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A WOMAN WITH A WILL.

And Just Because She Had a Will She Would Make No Will.

In his book, "Among the Northern Hills," Dr. William C. Prime introduces to his readers a judge whom he makes tell the story of a will which he did not draw up after all. The judge was summoned in a great hurry to see an old lady who had managed her farm for forty years, since her husband's death. She had two sons and a stepson, John, who was not an admirable person. After a long drive on a stormy night the judge found the old lady apparently just alive and was told by the doctor in attendance to hurry, as his patient was very weak.

I had brought paper and pen and ink with me. I found a stand and a candle, placed them at the head of the bed and after saying a few words to the woman told her I was ready to prepare the will if she would go on and tell me what she wanted to do.

I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly and, leaning over toward her, said, "Now go on, Mrs. Norton."

Her voice was quite faint, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: "First of all I want to give the farm to my sons Harry and James. Just put that down."

"But," said I, "you can't do that, Mrs. Norton

For the Best of Cutlery
and Specialties in
Hardware
go to

J. B. Hunter & Co.

60 SUMMER STREET,
BOSTON.

Builders' and
General Hardware

An Up-to-date Hardware Store.

All Mechanics' Tools
of the Best Makers
and Material.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Now in Bloom in Pots and Cut
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CARNATIONS, FERNS,

PALMS, AURICARIAS.

Funeral Designs a Specialty.

W. W. Rawson's

Corner Medford and
Warren Streets,
Arlington.

Columbian Cafe

ARLINGTON.

Still at the Old Stand,
near Railroad Crossing.
The only place where
a Quick Lunch or a
Good Dinner can be
served.

A. C. LaBREQUE.

Dr. G. W. Yale,

DENTIST,

At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Building.

ARLINGTON.

Have Your Horses Shod

AT

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street,

ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-
reaching and Interfering
Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced
workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses
called for and delivered.

TELEPHONE 242-2.

Vaccinate. Vaccinate.

AT ONCE.

The continual and increasing prevalence of
smallpox in the vicinity of Arlington renders
it imperative for us to again urge all residents
of this town that they should at once attend to
the vaccination and re-vaccination of all
persons in their households.
Seventeen new cases are reported in Boston,
most of whom were either never vaccinated or
re-vaccinated. It has invaded towns adjacent
to Arlington, and we must be prepared to
prevent its appearance here if possible. Thorough
vaccination has always arrested this
epidemic and no valid objections exist to its
enforcement.

EDWARD S. F. SENDEN,
EDWIN P. STICKNEY, M.D.,
EDWIN MILLS,
Board of Health.

JAMES E. DUFFY,

Hair Dresser,

Pool Room Connected

641 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

J. J. LOFTUS,

Custom Tailor.

FALL STYLES.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed, Re-
paired and Pressed Neatly.

613 MASS. AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

ARLINGTON HARNESS CO.

HORSE HARNESS STABLE
CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS

448 Massachusetts Avenue.

ARLINGTON.

J. W. RONCO.

HAIR DRESSER

Is Still in the Business.

POST OFFICE BUILDING,
ARLINGTON.

THE BEST ICE CREAM

is to be had at

KIMBALL'S, Arlington Heights.

His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try
our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

LOST.

A GOLD RING, in Arlington, on Fri-
day morning, between Pleasant street
and the postoffice. The finder will please
return the same to the Enterprise office
and receive reward.

FROM WAY DOWN EAST.

"Jud" the Barber Now Proprietor of
Arlington's Newest Pool Parlor—
First a Painter and Then a Ton-
sorist Artist.

The proprietor of the latest pool parlor
in Arlington is no less a personage
than Judson E. Langen, the barber, but
better known as "Jud." The parlor is lo-
cated next to his barber shop at the
corner of Massachusetts avenue and
Mystic street and has been from the
start a flattering business venture. "Jud"
has been in Arlington but about six
years, yet few men have become more
widely known, not excepting those who
are natives of the town. He came from
way down east, having been born in
Monticello, Me., in 1866. At the age of
13 he left home for Auburn, Me., where
he learned the painter's trade, at which
he devoted himself for twelve years.
It was then he decided to become a
barber and for nearly three years he
handled the razor in the Elm house, in
that city, being in the employ of a man
who has since worked for him in Ar-
lington. "Jud" then left his native state



JUDSON E. LANGEN.

for Boston where he piled his trade for
a time, but went from there to Philadel-
phia. He traveled somewhat through
the southern and central states, and then
located in Providence, R. I., where on
the fifteenth of June, 1896, he married
his present wife, who was then Miss
Annie Gooch, a native of East Machias,
Me. In the fall of that year he came to
Arlington and entered the employ of
Barber Joseph Ronco, who is now locat-
ed in postoffice block. Two years ago
"Jud" started in business for himself at
his present stand and success crowned
his efforts.
For a time, however, he was seriously
handicapped by sickness, but his down-
cast spirit stood him in good turn, and
from one barber's chair he expanded to
meet the growing demand until today
three chairs confront the unsavory men
and boys. He is a member of Eureka
Lodge, Knights of Pythias in Maine, and
of Court Pride of Arlington, Foresters
of America.



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The Satisfaction in Buying
groceries at our store is mutual. We take
satisfaction in carrying in stock the best
of everything, selling at reasonable prices
and serving customers promptly and
courteously. Those who trade here take
satisfaction in the goods, the store ser-
vice and prices.

C. H. STONE & SON,

Cor. Mass. and Park Aves.

Arlington Heights.

Telephone 131-4 Arlington.

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such eye troubles as are caused
by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.

OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,
408 Massachusetts Ave. Arlington.

T. M. CANNIFF,

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943 Mass. ave., Arlington

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Engraving.

Small Metal Signs, Door Plates and Numbers.
Signs Repolished and Relit.
Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

12 Sylvia St., Arlington Heights, Box 63.

Elmhurst Private

School for Girls.

BOYS ARE ACCEPTED AS DAY SCHOLARS
College preparatory, high school,
grammar, primary and Kindergarten
classes.

Address, Miss E. R. VANDER VEER,
220 Park Ave., Arlington Heights, Mass.

L. C. TYLER,

Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Ladies' Queen Quality Shoes, the Best
\$3.00 Ladies' Shoes made. Children's
School Shoes a specialty. Men's Fine
Shoes in full stock. Headquarters for
Men's Gloves, etc., etc.

BANK BUILDING, ARLINGTON

TO LET.

BOARD AND ROOMS. Steam heat.
One room suitable for two gentlemen.
Lovely view across Spy pond. Call and
see them. Edman's house, 355 Massachu-
setts avenue, corner Wyman street, Ar-
lington.

FURNISHED ROOM, one minute from
depot, hot and cold water in bath. Fur-
nace heat, nicely furnished. Address X
Y. Z., Enterprise office.

LOST—In Arlington, between N. J.
Hardy's and School park, cigar sofa pil-
low cover, unfinished, Thursday evening.
Finder will be rewarded by returning it to
2 Hamlet street, Arlington.

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Warren W. Rawson, of Arlington, and
Representative Charles J. DeLoach, at-
tended the banquet of the Boston Mar-
ket Gardeners' association at the Quincy
house in Boston, Thursday evening.

The choir of St. Agnes' church is re-
hearsing for the minstrel show to be given
in the near future.

Arlington council, K. of C., will elect
officers Thursday evening.

Clan Lindsay, O. S. C., will hold its
eighty annual ball at Odd Fellows' hall,
North Cambridge, Dec. 31.

Charles LaBrique is one of those in-
dividuals who is nothing if not "up-to-
date." His lunch wagon—already
equipped with such modern conveniences
as electric lights, public telephone, etc.—
has this week been connected with the
kitchen of the hotel. A speaking
tube has also been installed, connecting
the cafe with his residence and the
"boys" say Charlie's next innovation
will be a pneumatic delivery service
from one of Boston's leading hotels so
that a gilt-edge table d'hotel meal may
be ordered and served instantaneously.
However true this may be the cuisine of
this lunch wagon is "all right." The
menu includes everything from a
"steamed dog" to a turkey dinner at
present.

The sleighing is so tempting hereabouts
in Arlington that many a young man
may be seen of an evening, driving his
2.40 steed with one hand.

In clearing the sidewalk before your
door of snow, keep right on with spade
and shovel until you strike the solid
earth or the stone pavement.

O, foolish woman, no longer pull down
the curtains of your south windows to
save your carpets from fading. Let this
blessed sunshine into your home without
stint.

There will be a sale and turkey sup-
per at Grand Army hall, Tuesday even-
ing, under the auspices of the United
Order of Independent Odd Ladies. The
sale of fancy articles will be from 2
o'clock, and the supper will be from 6.30
to 8 o'clock.

Ida F. Butler lodge initiated four
candidates at its meeting, Monday evening.
It will be election of officers at the next
meeting.

Court Pride, of Arlington, E. of A.
continues to increase in numbers, initiat-
ing eight candidates Monday evening,
and receiving several applications.

Owing to increasing business a third
telephone is to be placed in the drug
store of H. Perham next week. When
one is busy call another.

Mrs. Mary A. Cutter, of 792 Massachu-
setts avenue, wife of Warren G. Cutter,
died Tuesday, aged 52 years. She had
been sick for several months and death
was not unexpected. The funeral was
held yesterday afternoon from her late home.
Rev. S. C. Bishnell conducted the service.

Chief of Police Harriman is not feeling
in the best of health these days, although
he manages to attend to his official du-
ties when necessary.

Miss Margaret Doherty, telephone op-
erator at the central station, has been
filling a vacancy at the Winchester ex-
change for about two weeks.

The Bradshaw Missionary association
met Monday in the vestry of the Pleas-
ant Street Congregational church. An
address was delivered by Mrs. Stucken-
berg, of the W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Margaret Dean, of Park avenue,
is visiting relatives in Syracuse, N. Y.

A testimonial concert and dance for
the benefit of James E. Forrest will be
given in town hall, Wednesday evening,
Dec. 18. Mr. Forrest is a popular motor-
man of the Boston Elevated company,
who has been ill for a long time.

An Enterprise reporter called the other
day at the home of B. Delmont Locke,
and learned upon inquiry that he was
slowly improving, though still confined
to his bed.

The paper that Rev. Mr. Gill read at
the monthly meeting of the Unitarian
club, recently, giving the history of the
Unitarian church, is the same interest-
ing paper that was read early in the
spring before, the historical society, a
summary of which was published in the
Enterprise.

HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT.

The athletic association connected with
the Arlington high school gave a success-
ful concert at the town hall, last even-
ing. The talent was the glee, banjo and
mandolin clubs of the Massachusetts In-
stitute of Technology. The program was:
"Knocked 'Em out the Old Kent Road,"
glee club; "Colored Major," banjo club;
"La Fleurette," mandolin club; quartet;
"Lion Tamers," mandolin sextet; "Drink
to Me Only with Thine Eyes," glee club;
"An Heroic Duel," Mr. Tweedle, an iras-
cible old man, Bob, an ordinary young
man, Willie Winkum, a promoter of fads;
banjo quartet; "Among the Flowers,"
mandolin club; "Life's Lesson," Mr. Hil-
lards and glee club. Dancing followed
with music by Gray's orchestra.

ART LECTURES.

Prof. George H. Bartlett, 216 Pleasant
street, principal of the Massachusetts
State Normal school of Art, and master
of the city of Boston schools of drawing,
is to deliver a course of lectures upon art
in its various branches, commencing Sat-
urday the month of January, open to teach-
ers and to their friends, and to the gen-
eral public. The subject of the first lec-
ture will be drawing and engraving upon
wood—history and practice of the art—
steel and copperplate engraving.

In the second lecture the professor will
discuss the history and practice of the
art of engraving in metal. The third
lecture will treat of the various
processes of photo-engraving. Each
of these lectures will be illustrated by
drawings made by the lecturer. The
original drawings will be exhibited in
the plate and the printed reproductions.
Prof. Bartlett is one of the most distin-
guished of his profession, known equally
well on both sides of the water. The
masters of art in Arlington should not fail
to take in these lectures.

ARLINGTON WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Mothers' class will hold its first
meeting in upper G. A. R. hall, Arling-
ton, Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, under the
direction of Mrs. Margaret W. Morley. It
is hoped to form a class of at least 75.
This class is open to all, whether mem-
bers or not.

Afternoon meetings during the remain-
der of the season will open at 3 p.m.
"Yellow and white luncheon" is the
subject for the consideration of the cook-
ing class, Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 3 p.m.
"Solving the Race Problem in the Black
Belt of the South," by Booker T. Wash-
ington, in town hall, Dec. 19, at 8 p.m.
Guest tickets for this lecture, if desired
by members, may be obtained before
Dec. 17, from Miss Sprague, treasurer,
Maple street. After that date those
wishing more may obtain extra ones if
any remain unsold. Guest tickets may
be obtained upon presentation of mem-
bership tickets.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

The fall and winter season at the
Castle Square theatre has been
rich in attractive features, and the man-
agement announces that a large num-
ber of dramatic novelties are yet in re-
serve to maintain the reputation of this
playhouse during the coming months.
Few productions at the Castle Square
have so well displayed the vast resources
of the stage of this theatre as "The
Harbor Lights," and the liberality and
artistic sense shown in the stage set-
ting of this play afford a good illustration
of the policy of the Castle Square theatre
management. Following "The Harbor
Lights" at this theatre comes George H.
Brookhouse's comedy, "Why
Smith Left Home," which had such a
success at the Boston Museum during a
recent season. Preparations are also in
hand for a production which promises
a great success for the Castle Square
theatre, and one which can hardly fail to
make a sensation in the history of this
playhouse. The distribution of souvenir
boxes of choice chocolate bonbons,
which has so long made an attractive
feature of the Monday matinees, will be
continued until further notice.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

In loving memory of Michael J. Hicks,
who died on the 29th of October, 1901.

Not dead, but sleeping, comfort in the
thought.

To those who mourn beside the empty
casket.

That erstwhile held the jewel of thy life,
The priceless life that from us hath de-
parted.

Not dead, for death hath in our hearts
immured.

The manly beauty of thy youthful pres-
ence.

"Nor age," nor waste of years shall ever
mar

The lustrous lustre of each feature's es-
sence.

Not dead, but yet the music of thy voice
Within our saddened homes is hushed
forever.

Dear son, dear brother, beloved of all
the rest.

Too soon the Master's edict made us
sever.

True friend and faithful, thou, the wid-
ow's help.

Art gone to rest, in manhood's pride and
promise.

Earth's pain and toll for thee are at an
end.

And saints' communion now shall be our
solace.

The mother's hand that guided thy
young life.

Had held yours bravely till you crossed
the river.

Though hard the parting, grace supplied
the strength.

To give you back to the Almighty Giv-
er.

Kind friends have laid upon thine early
grave.

The floral tributes of their high esteem,
Just like thy life, so pure and undimmed,
As doomed to perish and as fair they
seem.

Rest, beneath the leaves of Autumn, win-
ter's snow.

Springtime's green and summer's even-
ing splendors.

Calm be thy sleep until the archangel's
voice.

Cries "Resurgam," and earth her dead
surrenders.

M. C. Hayes.

BOSTON PAPERS.

A signed communication recently re-
ceived at this office announces the fact
that Boston dailies cannot be purchased
in Arlington after 8 p.m., and the writer
asks if some arrangement can be made
to obviate the alleged inconvenience to
him, for he arrives home from work af-
ter closing hours. The news company
which controls the sale of the papers in
Arlington was interviewed upon the
point and it was stated that in all such
cases arrangements may be made for
home delivery of such papers as are de-
sired which would appear to obviate the
difficulty.

AT YOUR WITS' END.

If you are at your wits' end, trying
to think what to give your Christmas
call on Fred A. Smith, the jeweler at 48
Massachusetts avenue. He has a full
stock of goods for the holidays and can
surely suit you. His line of toys is su-
perb.

COMBINATION OFFER.

Next week all readers of the Enter-
prise will receive a copy of the New York
Tribune Farmer. See combination offer
of the Farmer and the Enterprise.

DEMONSTRATION.

Beginning Monday, and through the
week, there will be a demonstration
of the R. I. Sherman Co.'s "Lawson
Pink" brand of canned goods at the store
of Wm. Whytal & Son. Everyone who
uses canned goods and wants the best
is invited to try them.

BOSTON'S GREAT ANIMAL ARENA.

The Great Boston's Animal show
which came direct from the Pan-Ameri-
can exposition to the Cyclorama building,
Boston, is one of the best of its kind.
Capt. Bonanza enters a cage of 27 beau-
tiful lions, while about the vast arena
are fine specimens of rare animals and birds
captured and transported for exhibition
at expense, and it is needless
to urge the lovers and admirers of ani-
mal nature to attend this great exhibi-
tion, almost at our doors. Be sure and
see Jumbo II, the largest living elephant.

A TIMELY REMEDY.

At a time when contagious diseases
are as prevalent as they are just now,
and especially when smallpox is so
widely distributed, it is imperative that
every family and every individual
should take all possible precautions.
There is no better known disinfectant
and preventative of contagion on the
market than Dr. Hubbard's Vegetable
Germicide, the famous family remedy. It
has sustained the test of many years.
As a protection against smallpox, Dr.
Hubbard's Vegetable Germicide is
guaranteed by its manufacturers. It is
to be found in every drug store, and is
put up most conveniently for effec-
tive use.

Johnson's Arlington express takes your
bundles over the ground with lightning
speed. It has facilities for doing its ex-
press business with promptness, and a
postal card or a ring from the telephone
will bring them to the door of your
house in short order.

Ladies desiring fancy suspenders
mounted will be interested in the an-
nouncement of F. A. Moore, 521 Wash-
ington street, Boston. Mr. Moore has a
full assortment of gold and silver buck-
les at very reasonable prices.

If your shoes pinch you kick at the
cobble, but when your horse's shoe is
not properly adjusted he can only kick
the dirt or the barn floor. Did it ever
occur to you that to shoe a horse cor-
rectly was as much a knack as to shoe a
man? The Mill street forge is the place
where neither horse nor man kicks.

In connection with the announcement
of Albert E. Parsons, 304 Boylston street,
it is worth noting that many beautiful
evening gowns for the Ames-Taylor wedding were made by Mr.
Parsons.

HOOPA, PIMA, APACHE

and other Indian baskets, beautiful in
weave and design. Pottery, moccas-
ins, bows and arrows, curios, etc., etc.

THE INDIAN STORE.

186 Boylston Street, Boston.

Albert E. Parsons,

Ladies' Tailor

and Dressmaker,

Announces Exhibition

Imported Models and Materials.

PLAIN TAILOR SUITS

\$65 and upwards.

Sealskin Sagues and

Fur-Lined Garments

made to order.

Repairing and Redyeing.

STABLE TO LET

In Arlington Centre. Low rate. Apply
to C. F. Oakman, railroad depot, Arling-
ton.